The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

Mr. Alexander Innes Shand, whose reminiscences "Days of the Past: A Medley of Memories" are to be published by Messrs. Constable, might have taken for the title of his book, had it not been already appropriated, "Memoirs of a Literary Veteran." Mr. Shand is a journalist of the old school—a Quarterly Reviewer, a contributor to *Blackwood*, the *Times*, and the *Saturday Review*, and a frequenter of Clubs. He was a friend of Kinglake, Hamley, Hayward, Chenery, and others of the famous Athenæum Club coterie. He has written the biography of Sir Edward Hamley, various volumes on Sport, Travel, and War, and he is the author of two or three novels.

Mr. Henry James is to write his Impressions of America. He is travelling through the whole country again after an absence of twenty years, and has amassed materials for a big book, part of which will appear serially in the *North American Review*. Mr. James will return to England in July.

The publication of Mr. Edward Noble's story, "The Lady Navigators," which Messrs. Brown, Langham and Co. have in the press, has, we understand, been delayed.

Mr. Warwick Deeping, the author of "Uther and Igraine," and "Love Among the Ruins," has written a new romance, which he has entitled "The Seven Streams." Mr. Deeping's books are popular in America.

Mr. Henry M. Trollope, the writer of "A Life of Molière," announced by Messrs. Constable, was at one time a partner in the publishing firm of Messrs. Chapman and Hall. This is not his first essay in literature. Mrs. Oliphant chose him for the volume on Corneille and Racine in the "Foreign Classics for English Readers" series. He is a son of Anthony Trollope, the novelist.

Professor Herkless and Mr. Robert Kerr Hannay, M.A., Lecturer in Ancient History and Political Philosophy, St. Andrews University, have prepared and edited a work on the College of St. Leonard, being documents with translations, notes and historical introductions. The University Court also proposes to print and publish certain Foundation Deeds and documents relating to the Bursaries, Scholarships, etc., tenable at the University, along with Ordinances of the University Commissioners affecting these.

We understand that a new and enlarged edition of "Hugh Miller: A Critical Study," a work published at Dingwall which has made a distinct mark, is in contemplation. The author, Mr. W. M. Mackenzie, a graduate of Edinburgh University, is English Master at Glasgow Academy.

A Society has been formed to popularise the works of Mr. John Payne, the eminent poet and translator of "A Thousand and One Nights." The first meeting will take place in London in August. Those interested in the project are desired to communicate with the Secretary, Mr. Thomas Wright, Cowper School, Olney.

Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston's novel "John Chilcote, M.P." is appearing in Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish editions.

Mr. G. H. Perris's large volume on "Russia in Revolution," which was produced last month by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, is entering upon a second edition, to which an Index will be added.

Mr. Edwin Pugh's new novel, "The Purple Head," will be produced by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

The *Daily Chronicle* is producing in the course of the next few days (June 7) a remarkable penny "Summer Number," including some excellent illustrations and stories by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Alfred Tressider Sheppard, and other well-known writers.

Miss Netta Syrett's new story, "The Day's Journey," will be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

Miss Betham-Edwards, whose "Home Life in France" has been so well received, has a new novel which will shortly be produced by Mr. John Long, a story of life in East Anglia during the earlier part of last century.

We understand that Messrs. Constable will publish immediately, under the title "Rhymes of the East," a volume of light verse by "Dum-Dum"—a name now familiar to all admirers of Mr. Punch. The "reader" for a well-known magazine remarked lately that nothing in his experience had impressed him so strongly as the amount of first-rate literary talent displayed by army officers. "Dum-Dum," we believe, is an instance of this versatility. Readers of *Blackwood* know him under other guises, as "J. K." and "Selim."

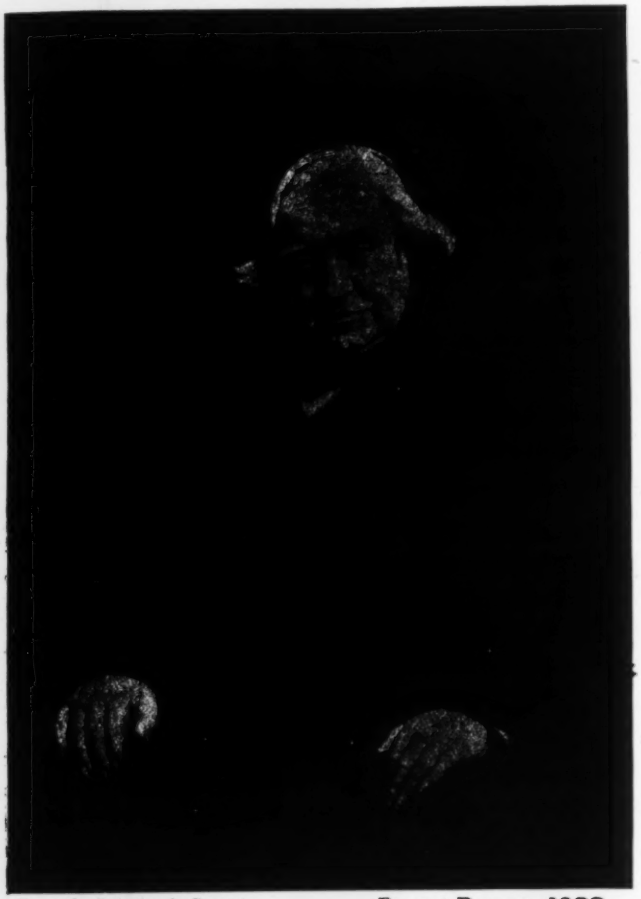
Mr. John Lane will publish on May 30th a new open-air book, "My Garden in the City of Gardens," by E. H. Cuthell. The City of Gardens, it is needless to say, is Lucknow. Lawrence Gilman's "Phases of Modern Music," — Strauss — MacDowell — Elgar — Loeffler — Mascagni — Grieg — Cornelius — Verdi — Wagner—"Parsifal" and its significance, will also appear on that date, together with "The Book of the Scented Garden," by F. W. Burbidge, volume xxiv. of the Gardening Handbooks, written around those flowers distinguished for fragrance rather than for colour or form.

The last completed work by the late George Gissing will be issued immediately by Messrs. Constable. "Will Warburton," we understand, is a tale of London life, dealing with the lower middle classes. But, unlike "Demos" and "New Grub Street," it reflects the more optimistic outlook that characterises the author's later work.

A new nature book will shortly be published by Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Peckham, "Wasps, Social and Solitary." Like Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee," it is an attempt to express the poetry of science.

The author of those two very popular works, "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" and "Crittenden," will appear shortly in the new *rôle* of war correspondent. To put it more accurately, Mr. John Fox will tell how he tried to be a war correspondent. The Japanese authorities have displayed no passion for advertisement, and their way with the literary camp-follower has been a little less than kind. Mr. Fox, however, bears no resentment. In "Following the Sun Flag: A Vain Pursuit through Manchuria," Mr. Fox has wisely turned his experiences to a humorous account. Messrs. Constable will issue the volume shortly.

A work of great interest is promised immediately by Mr. Alleyne Ireland, in which a comparative estimate is afforded of the colonising methods of Britain, France, Holland, and the United States. In the course of his investigations we understand that Mr. Ireland enjoyed special opportunities and facilities. His work, which is entitled "The Far Eastern Tropics: Studies in



From the Painting by Bonnat. **Ernest Renan, 1892.**
(Reproduced from "Ernest Renan," "Literary Lives Series.")

the Administration of Tropical Dependencies," will deal with many questions of immediate importance, including that of Chinese Labour. It is to contain a valuable bibliographical appendix.

Mr. Andy Adams, author of "The Log of a Cowboy," has completed a new story dealing with the Far West. It is a description of life on a cattle-ranche and will be called "The Outlet."

Messrs. Constable will publish immediately a work of curious interest entitled "The Souls of Black Folk." It is an attempt, by one of themselves, to give expression to the spiritual life and ideals of the coloured citizens of the United States.

Two books will be issued immediately from the pen of Mr. T. W. H. Crosland. "Indictments" is the suggestive title of one of them, which will be published by Messrs. Greening and Co. In it Mr. Crosland is believed to deal faithfully with certain higher literary critics. The other volume, which Mr. John Long will issue, reveals Mr. Crosland bringing his search-light to bear on "The Suburbans." The author claims "to be in a position to recognise the Hampstead woman, the lady from Lee or Lewisham, the man from Clapham, the gentleman from Surbiton, or the hobbledehoy from Bedford Park, at sight." Moreover, he undertakes "to make an entirely new spirit out of a Kensal Rise suburbanite by the simple process of committing it to a twelve-months' residence in Bayswater or South Kensington."

The "new humour" of Mr. Lucas and Mr. Graves is already winning the flattery of imitation. "Change for a Halfpenny" is being followed by "Three for a Penny," which Messrs. Greening will publish immediately.

Few recent publications have attained a more remarkable success than Mr. Guy Thorne's "When it was Dark." We understand that fully seventy thousand copies have been sold. This fact alone will excite interest in the author's latest work, which Mr. John Long will publish immediately. It is entitled "A Lost Cause," and, like its predecessor, it is mainly of a religious interest. The point of view is ultra-High Church; it is described by its publisher as "the strongest and most scathing indictment of popular 'Protestantism' that has ever appeared." A body of influential Church-people and Priests, says Mr. Long, "have helped the Author with very special information."

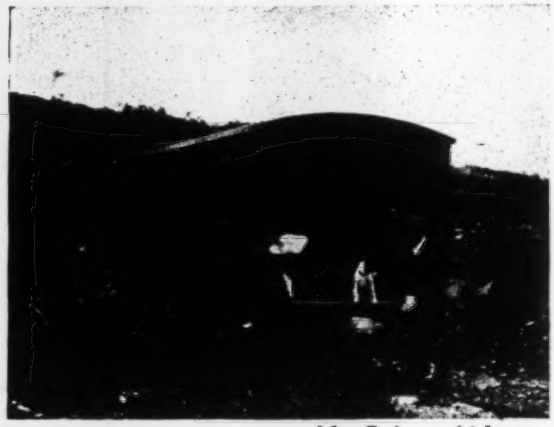
The question of reprints is still the most interesting feature of present-day publishing. The competitors are still crowding in. Who is to win the race? The likeliest winner seems to be the publisher who will issue classics for a penny and will present a penny stamp to all *bona fide* purchasers. Mr. John Long is presently to enter the field, and from what we have seen of his 'Carlton Classics," we are inclined to think that he will outbid all rivals. In a very dainty form, you can secure Thackeray's "Four Georges," or Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" for threepence. Mr. T. Werner Laurie is also entering for the race, and his horse, too, is worth backing. His "Eclectic Library"—one shilling net—is a marvel of cheapness. The list of books projected is singularly attractive, and we trust that Mr. Laurie's courage will not fail of reward. His earliest issues will be "Amiel's Journal," "Cranford," and "Old English Country Songs." The *format* of Mr. Laurie's series is delightful.

Photo Lizzie Caswall Smith. **S. Arthur Strong.**
Late Librarian to the House of Lords.

The most interesting and attractive stall at the Westminster Hospital Bazaar, held in Dean's Yard, on May 23, 24, and 25, was that presided over by Mrs. Henry F. Dickens, the daughter-in-law of the novelist, and her daughters. Mr. B. W. Matz, the editor of the *Dickensian*, acted as Treasurer. The stall was an exact replica of "The Old Curiosity Shop."

A notable feature was the collection of Dickens books and pictures, comprising first editions in parts, autograph letters, portraits, rare pamphlets, speeches, plays, play bills, and modern editions of the novelist's works, all of which fetched high prices. One of the first items to be snapped up was a unique copy of that rare little pamphlet "Sunday under Three Heads," by Timothy Sparks, at £12 12s.

In addition to the items for sale were several rarities belonging to the family, which were only on exhibition. Foremost amongst these was the first edition of the late Queen's book, "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," which bears the inscription in her own writing "To Charles Dickens, Esq., from



Mr. Robert Aitken.
Caravan in which the Author wrote "The Redding Straik."

Victoria Reg., Buckingham Palace, March 9, 1870." It will be remembered that the Queen remarked on presenting it, "The 'humblest' of writers should be ashamed to offer it to 'one of the greatest.'"

Another valued treasure exhibited was the silver snuff-box presented to Dickens by Mr. Giles, his schoolmaster of the Chatham days, which has an inscription on the lid to "The inimitable Boz."

Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch ("Q") is at present completing a new novel which, prior to its publication in book form, will run as a serial through "The Cornhill." Mr. Quiller-Couch's next new book will be a volume of his ever delightful short stories, which will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. towards the end of the year.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen will publish in the early autumn a new book entitled "Back to Sunny Seas," the outcome of his recent tour in the West Indies.

In presenting to our readers this collection of FitzGerald pictures, we desire to express our obligations to Mr. Thomas Wright for various photographs and for permission to reproduce illustrations from his "Life of Edward FitzGerald." For the latter we are also indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Grant Richards.

We have to thank Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., for two drawings by Mr. Gilbert James from their Photogravure Series Edition of Omar Khayyam, and two drawings by Miss Jessie M. King from the Broadway Booklets Edition of the "Rubaiyat."

Also we have to express our indebtedness to Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons for two drawings by R. Anning Bell from their illustrated edition of the poem; to the De La More Press for two drawings by Blanche McManus from their large paper edition; and to Messrs. Macmillan and Co. for a portrait of J. H. Shorthouse.

The portraits of Edward FitzGerald appearing on the cover and plate are from photographs by Mr. Alfred H. Cade, of Ipswich.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

APRIL 20TH TO MAY 20TH, 1905.

The fate of the bookseller is evidently one of continued contending against many odds; the discount system threatened to swamp him, to which burden was added the copious supply of literature to his customers through rate-aided libraries; the daily press usurps his functions, and now he is threatened by a combination of publishers which shall dispense altogether with his services and supply the public needs direct. There is, however, a meed of consolation in that threatened institutions are proverbially long-lived.

The trade of the past month has consisted principally of fiction, although even in this usually dependable line a falling off has been apparent, and it would appear that the height of the spring season has been reached. In no case have the sales been phenomenal, and the whole tone of business may be said to have been of moderate dimensions.

The six-shilling novel has been rather prolific in regard to output, and a few of the more recent issues have to a certain extent taken on. Among the most noticeable of such have been "Rose of the World," "Rose of Life," "Fond Adventures," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," and "Heart of Wales," whilst "The House of Merrilees," "The Marriage of William Ashe," "The Hill," "Mid the Thick Arrows," and "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline," together with several volumes previously noted, have continued to maintain their already assured popularity.

To be introduced by Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch is at once to have an open sesame to the affections of the British public, and no sooner was it mooted that "Sandy" was about to visit us than much expectation centred in the event, and upon the presentation of his credentials he was at once welcomed in the homes of an extensive circle of admirers, who cheerfully paid the necessary five shillings for the privilege of his company.

At 3s. 6d. "Mop Fair," by A. M. Binstead, and "Roger Trewinion," by Joseph Hocking, have been much in request.

Marie Corelli's volume of "Free Opinions Freely Expressed," has enjoyed a fair amount of popularity, and has had a steady sale.

"When it was Dark," Gordon's "Talks on Prayer," and the companion volume on "Power," "The Creed of Christ," and "Character and Conduct," together with the volume of recent Lenten addresses by the Bishop of London, have all sold freely.

The "De Profundis" of Oscar Wilde and the account of his life, by R. H. Sherard, have also been in demand.

The principal item of biographical interest has been "The Life and Work of Dr. Momerie," edited by his wife.

The pocket edition of Ruskin's Works, together with a number of volumes in the various pocket libraries, have sold very freely; indeed, no small portion of the

month's transaction has been in various new editions of non-copyright works.

Sixpenny reprints have materially increased in demand, and among the more recent popular issues, "Fuel of Fire," and "In Kedar's Tents," have been especially prominent.

Mention must be made of the latest addition to the various pocket libraries issued at the popular price of sixpence, to wit, Nelson's Century Classics, certainly a marvel of cheapness, and it has been difficult to procure a sufficient supply of the three first issues.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand throughout the past month :—

Six Shilling Novels.

Rose of the World. By A. and E. Castle. (Smith, Elder.)
Hearts of Wales. By Allen Raine. (Hutchinson.)
The Marriage of William Ashe. By Mrs. H. Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
The Hill. By H. A. Vachell. (J. Murray.)
Fond Adventures. By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan.)
The House of Merrilees. By A. Marshall. (Alston Rivers.)
Shining Ferry. By "Q." (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Vicissitudes of Evangeline. By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth.)
The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne. By W. J. Locke. (Lane).
Sins of the City. By W. Le Queux. (F. V. White.)
The Rose of Life. By M. E. Braddon. (Hutchinson.)
Mid the Thick Arrows. By Max Pemberton. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Sandy. By Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Creed of Christ. 5s. net. (Lane.)
Character and Conduct. 3s. 6d. net. (Simpkin.)
De Profundis. By Oscar Wilde. 5s. net. (Methuen.)
Oscar Wilde. By R. H. Sherard. 5s. net. (Greening.)
Momerie (Dr.), Life and Work. By his Wife. 12s. 6d. net. (W. Blackwood.)
Mop Fair. By A. M. Binstead. 3s. 6d. (Sands.)
Free Opinions. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Constable.)
Roger Trewinion. By Joseph Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)
Gordon's Talks on Power and Prayer. Each 2s. 6d. net. (Revell.)
Yellow War. By O. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Chatham. By Frederic Harrison. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
When it was Dark. By Guy Thorne. 1s. (Greening.)
The Simple Life. By C. Wagner. 1s. net. (Isbister.)
Lenten Addresses. By Bishop Ingram. 1s. (S.P.C.K.)
Pocket Libraries and Sixpenny Reprints.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
April 22—Quiet in all departments.
" 29—Slight improvement in Home trade.
May 6—Steady sales. Export brisker.
" 13—Quiet.
" 20—Slackness prevails.

(2) SCOTLAND.

APRIL 18TH TO MAY 20TH, 1905.

Everywhere preparations were apparent for the summer season, upon which especially the country bookseller is dependent. Tourist maps for motorists and cyclists, and large numbers of Guide Books, many of them beautiful productions of the local trade in the districts described, had much enterprising attention devoted to them.

In summer resorts, the usual season's orders were taken for outstanding sixpenny reprints of popular works, of which the following twelve are worth mentioning :—"The Sowers," "Fuel of Fire," "Sweet Doll of Haddon Hall," "Griff," "Man from Downing Street," "God's Prisoner," "Her Own People," "Katharine Frensham," "Ship's Adventure," "In the Tsar's Dominion," "Adventures of M. d'Haricot," and "In Kedar's Tents." As was to be expected, Nelson's Sixpenny Classics attracted unusual attention, and the demand proved in excess of anticipations. The extraordinary popularity of the "Harmsworth Encyclopædia" was maintained as each part was issued, and the work appealed to the intelligent working classes quite phenomenally.

In Methuen's Shilling Novels strong efforts were made to introduce good fiction at that remarkably low price, and being bound in cloth they were readily placed in the smaller libraries. Two books at least proved attractive to nature students, namely "Familiar Scottish Birds," issued by Mr. Gardner, Paisley, and "Wild Birds at Home," one of Gowans's popular Art Series. The religious book of the month was Dr. Whyte's "Walk, Conversation, and Character of our Lord Jesus Christ," and the book of biography, perhaps on account of its distinguished writer, was "James Watt," by Dr. Andrew Carnegie, which formed the latest in "The Famous Scots Series."

A new edition of Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies" at one shilling was readily sold, and a popular issue of Wagner's famous volume, "The Simple Life," at the same price, went off easily. Although no six-shilling novel can be recorded as having obtained exceptional success, the following were those most conspicuous in orders placed :—"The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Ward; "The Hill," by H. A. Vachell; "Rose of the World," by A. and E. Castle; "Three Essen-

From a Photo by R. W. Phrupp. **J. H. Shorthouse.**

(Reproduced from "J. H. Shorthouse's Life and Letters," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

tials," by Dorothea Gerard; "Sins of the City," by W. Le Queux; "Fond Adventures," by M. Hewlett; "Marian Sax," by M. Albanesi; and "The Millionaire Baby," by A. K. Green.

Chiefly on account of the fame of the author, Marie Corelli's "Free Opinions" had a considerable sale, although nothing approaching the success of her works of fiction.

For the popular edition of Shorthouse's book, "John Inglesant," in Macmillan's Illustrated Pocket Classics, there were many admirers, and, as usual, H. G. Wells's latest work, "A Modern Utopia," excited considerable speculation and criticism.

The following is our list of best selling books of the month :—

Miscellaneous.

Dr. Whyte's Walk, Conversation, and Character of Christ. 6s. (Oliphant.)
The Other Side of the Lantern. By Sir F. Treves. 12s. net. (Cassell.)
John Knox. By D. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)
James Watt. By Dr. Carnegie. 1s. 6d. net. (Oliphant.)
A Modern Utopia. By H. G. Wells. 7s. 6d. (Chapman.)
Familiar Scottish Birds. By A. N. Simpson. 2s. (Gardner.)
John Inglesant. By J. H. Shorthouse. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
The Simple Life. By C. Wagner. 1s. net. (Isbister.)
Sandy. By A. H. Rice. 5s. (Hodder.)
Canada as it is. By J. Foster Fraser. 6s. (Cassell.)
Free Opinions. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Constable.)
Nelson's Sixpenny Classics.
Gowans's Sixpenny Art Series.

Six Shilling Novels.

The Marriage of William Ashe. By Mrs. Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
Rose of the World. By A. and E. Castle. (Smith, Elder.)
The Hill. By H. A. Vachell. (Murray.)
Sins of the City. By W. Le Queux. (White.)
Mid the Thick Arrows. By M. Pemberton. (Hodder.)
Millionaire Baby. By A. K. Green. (Chatto.)
Fond Adventures. By M. Hewlett. (Macmillan.)
Three Essentials. By D. Gerard. (Hutchinson.)
Marian Sax. By M. Albanesi. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Queer Lady Judas. By "Rita." (Hutchinson.)
Master Mummer. By E. P. Oppenheim. (Ward, Lock.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

JUNE 6—JULY 6.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

June 6th.

CHESTERTON, G. K.—"Heretics." Essays. 5s. net (John Lane)
BEACONSFIELD, Earl of.—Contarini Fleming, 1s. 6d., 2s. (John Lane)
THONGER, CHARLES.—The Book of Garden Design, 2s. 6d. net ..... (John Lane)
MACKAYE, HAROLD STEELE.—The Winged Helmet, 6s. (Dean and Son)
GALLIZIER, NATHAN.—Castel Del Monte, 6s. (Dean and Son)
PRAED, Mrs. CAMPBELL.—The Mind of the River, 6s.
CROMMELIN, MAY.—The White Lady, 6s. ..... (John Long)
COMSTOCK, SETH COOK.—The Rebel Prince, 6s. (John Long)
GOULD, NAT.—One of a Mob, 2s. ..... (John Long)
SERGEANT, ADELINE.—Beneath the Veil. New Edition. 2s. 6d. ..... (John Long)
CAMERON, Mrs. LOVETT.—Midsummer Madness. New Edition. 2s. 6d. ..... (John Long)

June 7th.

BUMPUS, T. FRANCIS.—The Cathedrals of England and Wales. Illustrated. 2 vols. 6s. net each ... (T. Werner Laurie)

June 8th.

AUTHOR OF "WHEN IT WAS DARK."—A Lost Cause, 6s. (John Long)
BINDLOSS, HAROLD.—Alton of Somasco, 6s. ..... (John Long)

June 10th.

GULL, C. RANGER.—The Harvest of Love, 6s. ... (John Long)
"G. G." (H. G. HARPER).—Horses I have Known, 3s. 6d. (John Long)

June 13th.

PARKHAM, FRANCIS.—The Oregon Trail, 2s. 6d. net (Dean and Son)
IRVING, WASHINGTON.—The Life of Columbus, 2s. 6d. net (Dean and Son)
IRVING, WASHINGTON.—The Life of Mahomet and His Successors. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Dean and Son)

June 14th.

SUTCLIFFE, HALLIWELL.—Red o' the Feud, 6s. (T. Werner Laurie)

June 15th.

MUDDOCK, J. E.—Jane Shore, 6s. ..... (John Long)
MEADE, L. T.—His Mascot, 6s. ..... (John Long)
PATERNOSTER, SYDNEY.—Children of Earth, 6s. (John Long)

June 17th.

YORKE, CURTIS.—Alix of the Glen, 6s. ..... (John Long)
COBBAN, J. MACLAREN.—The Terror by Night, 6s. (John Long)

June 20th.

NEWMAN, ERNEST.—Musical Studies, 5s. ..... (John Lane)
CLARKE, J. MICHELL, F.R.C.P.—Hysteria and Neurasthenia, 5s. ..... (John Lane)

June 21st

HUME, FERGUS.—Lady Jim of Curzon Street, 6s. (T. Werner Laurie)

June 28th.

WARDEN, FLORENCE.—Playing the Knave, 6s. (T. Werner Laurie)

During the Month, Dates not Fixed.

BRADBY, G. F.—The Marquis's Eye, 6s. ..... (Smith, Elder)
HUTCHINSON, HORACE G.—Two Moods of a Man, 6s. (Smith, Elder)
HAYDEN ELEANOR G.—Rose of Lone Farm, 6s. (Smith, Elder)
DAWE, CARLTON.—The Grand Duke, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
HAGGARD, Lt.-Col. ANDREW.—The Regent of the Roués, 16s. net ..... (Hutchinson)
CARLYLE, THOMAS.—Oliver Cromwell. Abridged Edition. Standard Biog. 1s. and 2s. net ..... (Hutchinson)
VILLARI, LUIGI.—Russia Under the Great Shadow, 10s. 6d. net (T. Fisher Unwin)
BURRY, B. PULLEN.—Ethiopia in Exile ..... (T. Fisher Unwin)
FLETCHER, J. S.—Grand Relations, 6s. ..... (T. Fisher Unwin)
MACDONALD, ALEXANDER.—In Search of El Dorado, 10s. 6d. ..... (T. Fisher Unwin)
HARVIE-BROWN, J. A.—Travels of a Naturalist, 63s. net (T. Fisher Unwin)
YEIGH, KATE WESTLAKE.—Specimen Spinster, 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin)
PAIN, BARRY.—Constantine Dix .....(T. Fisher Unwin)
BYRDE, MARGARETTA.—The Interpreters, 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin)

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

JUNE, 1905.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

THE READER.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

By Wilfred Whitten.

IT is curious that of the two men who have most stimulated literary feeling in recent years, one was essentially a Writer, and the other essentially a Reader. But Robert Louis Stevenson has set many more people writing feverishly than Edward FitzGerald has set reading calmly. Stevenson put the paint-box into eager hands. He meant to do no such thing, but he spoke of art in writing at the moment when art in that and everything was at the flash-point. And the speaker was comely; his air and actions got in front of his sober thought, and made writing seem a fine, self-fulfilling way of life, choice in the chamber and blithe on the mountain; his certitudes on life and conduct rang out so bravely above the saddened voices of his age that there was no denying him. And yet the name of Edward FitzGerald is heard everywhere along with that of Robert Louis Stevenson. In the market-place and the talking-shops it is alternately "R. L. S." and "Old Fitz," the writer and the reader, the lover of style and the lover of substance, the man who liked to think of a full world, and the man whom that fulness defeated and saddened. One might imagine that the slow coming of FitzGerald's fame was ordered by a providence which desired that these two influences should arrive abreast, and mingle and counteract.

Whether they have actually mingled in significant ways is another question. Certainly the vehicles of Stevenson's message have become the vehicles of FitzGerald's; the same winds have borne, and the same walls have echoed, the young man's shout and the old man's sigh. Each has had its cohort of students, fuglemen, endearers, collectors. To each America has extended the hand of appalling welcome. However, let the "each" and the "both" abruptly be dropped; our business is with the man who, out of impulses to read rather than impulses to write, produced that version of the Rubaiyat (quatrains) of the Persian poet Omar Khayyam, which is one of the finest transfusions knows to literature.

And, first, a word about the results of this feat, as seen in what is called the "Omar cult". In Woodbridge, Suffolk, you shall see, on Mr. Loder's book counter, sixpenny copies of FitzGerald's "Rubaiyat" held together by elastic bands which contract rapidly as the seamstress and the shop-boy and the school-girl bear away the "divinely done" to feed their alert melancholy. In New York you shall read: "'Rubaiyat.'—Limited edition of fifty copies printed on genuine parchment, every page of each copy illuminated by hand, in gold and colours, bound in vellum, with metal clasps set with semi-precious stones, 100 dols." Between such extremes new editions of FitzGerald's version have been produced unceasingly in the last ten years. It is less than four times ten years since he carried into Quaritch's shop in Piccadilly, and dumped upon the counter, his parcel of quarto brown-wrappered booklets. The oft-told story of the fourpenny box, the ecstasies of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne, and the surely growing fame of the work need not be repeated. FitzGerald lived long enough to reap the praises he valued most, those of his friends and of a few critics whose word carried final authority. Even this reward came slowly. Ruskin's letter of congratulation was mislaid, and lay in Mrs. Burne-Jones's desk for ten years before it reached him; and Tennyson's noble "Tiresias" tribute, which put a crown upon these early appreciations, were never seen by him. To-day the interesting thing to consider is not the chain of events by which the Version won to its fame, but the circumstances under which it was produced.

FitzGerald's "Indolence."

The most surprising thing about FitzGerald's Omar version is that it was done at all. It is a far cry from Naishapur to Woodbridge, yet a greater gulf lies between the pains and passion which commonly secure immortality and the indolent calm of FitzGerald's life. At forty-four he did not know a word of Persian, nor could he, at that age, look back on any hard task-work attempted or done. But when we talk of FitzGerald's indolence we must distinguish. There are idlers who idle, and there are idlers who work. FitzGerald filled his time. He was always interested, always attentive to life as he found it in life and books. Men who can fill a boundless leisure innocently and profitably are few. Montaigne is at the head of the little tribe; say rather Horace. These two were idle in the sense that they did not sweat. They worked apart in quietness and in the times and degrees that suited them. Dr. Johnson became a full-brained idler, but with remorse. Yet a life of pleased and fruitful idleness is so much the dream of all men that it has become an acceptable literary pose. Lamb's essays are suffused with an idleness that is not of the India House. Who would suppose the reveries of Obermann were the work of a vexed family man, a journalistic hack, and a struggle-for-lifer? Assuredly FitzGerald came as near as a man may to living fruitfully without definite work or obligations. He was never idle in the mean sense of the word. Referring to his case Mr. Thomas Wright aptly brings in the words of Keats:

> "He who saddens
> At thought of idleness cannot be idle."

FitzGerald saddened for many years at the thought of his idleness. Yet it was not employment that he lacked, but, as he said, a sticking-point. "I begin," he writes to Bernard Barton, "to have dreadful suspicions that this fruitless way of life is not looked upon with satisfaction by the open eyes above." Yet he hits on the thought, in which there really is something—though it is put with a plumpness that makes one smile, as he intended Barton should—that "as idleness is so very great a trial of virtue, the idle man who keeps himself tolerably chaste, etc., may deserve the highest

FitzGerald's Mother.
From a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.
(Reproduced from Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald," by kind permission of Mr. Grant Richards.)

reward; the more idle, the more deserving": adding, to be sure, "Really I don't jest; but I don't propound these things as certain." There is not a letter in which he deplores his indolence which does not also show his mental activity. A proof that he was not all idle is that he often *tasted* idleness. "You think I live in Epicurean ease; but this happens to be a jolly day; one isn't always well, or tolerably good, the weather is not always clear, nor nightingales singing, nor Tacitus full of pleasant atrocity. But such as life is, I believe I have got hold of a good end of it." Thus he would see-saw, and this indecision or indeterminateness is one of the charms of FitzGerald; he did not live widely and talk narrowly.

A Sticking-point.

The study of Persian was FitzGerald's first sticking-point, and he owed it to another. Edward Byles Cowell belonged to the same county—he was born at Ipswich. It was from his father's corn-business that he forced his way into the life of a scholar. He was younger than FitzGerald by seventeen years, yet he influenced him far more than FitzGerald's older friends. Not Tennyson's laureateship, not Thackeray's wealth, not Spedding's reputation, not Carlyle's Sartor Resartus thunders (which FitzGerald carried religiously in his pocket), did so much to rouse the recluse to definite energy as this corn-merchant's son with his passion for the East. Cowell's youth had much to do with it, and Cowell's marriage more. For when Cowell brought his young wife to a japonica-covered cottage at Bramford, and began with her an ideal life of affection and study, FitzGerald became their constant guest and visitor. In their presence he breathed an exquisite air. The young husband and wife bent their heads over the same studies—Greek, Spanish, Persian—and FitzGerald was fairly netted in their companionship and pursuits. He took up Spanish in 1850, and with such a will that the world knew him as a translator of Calderon in 1853. Those could not have been idle years in any sense. Three years later his association with the Cowells bore other and more astonishing fruit in his translation of the Persian poet Jámí's "Allegory of Salámán and Absal." The dedicatory letter to Cowell in that little volume breathes the happiness, the vanished happiness, of those six years. The passage is worthy to stand beside the matchless last page of "Euphranor." "Especially, cheered on as I was by such a Huntsman as poor Dog of a Persian scholar never hunted with before; and moreover—but that was rather in the Spanish Sierras—by the Presence of a Lady in the Field, silently brightening about us like Aurora's Self, or chiming in with musical Encouragement that all we started and ran down must be Royal Game. Ah! happy Days! When shall we Three meet again—when dip in that unreturning Tide of Time and Circumstance!—In those meadows far from the world, it seemed, as Salámán's Island—before an Iron Railway broke the Heart of that Happy Valley whose Gossip was the Mill-wheel, and Visitors the Summer Airs that momentarily ruffled the sleepy streams that turned it as they chased one another ever to lose themselves in Whispers in the Copse beyond."

Gone indeed was all this, for the Cowells were about to sail for Bombay, and it is to this fact that FitzGerald refers in his concluding words, which I cannot omit. "At such an hour drawing home together from a fireside Night of it with Æschylus or Calderon in the Cottage, whose walls, modest almost as those of the Poor who clustered—and with good reason—round, make to my eyes the Towered Crown of Oxford hanging in the Horizon, and with all Honour won, but a dingy Vapour in Comparison, and now should they beckon from the terrible Ganges, and this little Book begun as a happy Record of past, and pledge perhaps of future, Fellowship in Study, darken already with the Shadow of Everlasting Farewell."

A Gift and a Crisis.

And so on August 1st, 1856, Cowell sailed away to Calcutta, leaving to FitzGerald this pregnant legacy of Persian. He left him hammering out the sense of Hafiz and Jámí and Nizámí, and getting at the heart of Sufi-ism. A more specific gift, the importance of which neither he nor FitzGerald realised, was the manuscript of the Rubaiyát of Omar Khayyam. Cowell had just found this in the Bodleian Library. Knowing the Rubaiyat as we do now, what a parting of the ways was here!—Cowell, religious and orthodox, pledged to regular work and to an orderly ascent of the ladder of Oriental learning; FitzGerald, sad and agnostic, at leisure with himself, and drifting into the knowledge of a poet who was to confirm him in his *cui bono* moods and his temperamental doubt. Much may follow the gift of a book whereof the giver makes no calculation. That yellow manuscript was to be far more than a yellow manuscript—more than a great Eastern apostasy—to

FitzGerald. Not only was Omar's message to go straight to his heart, but the atmosphere of a disastrous event was to give it intensity and permanence. For while the *Monarch's* sails were still swelling on Indian seas, FitzGerald, making the mistake of his life, took Lucy Barton to be his wife. I need not repeat the oft-told story. He had promised his dying friend Barton that he would look after his daughter, and in fulfilling his promise he seems literally to have blundered into engagement and marriage. His blunders were often comedy; this was tragedy. Husband and wife had strong characters and confirmed habits; these clashed, and the misery of it could not long be endured. There was a separation and an honourable arrangement. Mr. Thomas Wright, emphasising the gloom and remorse which his mistake cost FitzGerald, writes: "It was his frequent custom to walk about the lanes and roads near his house at midnight. When all the world was at rest and silent he would emerge from his 'château,' his green and black plaid shawl round him and trailing on the ground, like some old Roman senator in toga, and mount Mill Hill (then with scarce a house on it) behind Little Grange. Here he would stalk backwards and forwards, brooding over his troubles—principally that dismal marriage which he never could forget—or pondering the tremendous problems of life, death, and eternity—among the great inky shapes of the windmills and their slowly revolving sails, dear to him if only for Don Quixote's sake, no sound reaching him save an occasional creak or the hoarse voice of a raven from some distant and indistinct chimney." And for all such thoughts and bemoanings the Persian quatrains which Cowell had left in his hands became the vessel and the speech.

Two Interpretations.

FitzGerald did not discuss the text and history of the Rubaiyat with Cowell to any great extent; rather he gently waved him back as from a thing more his than his teacher's. The difference between Cowell's and FitzGerald's views of the "Rubaiyat" is well known and vital. Cowell regarded Omar as a true Sufi, and his poem as a mystical one, in which profoundly religious impulses and doctrines are conveyed in a series of figures wherein the drunkenness lauded by Omar is to be read as the rapture of the Divine love, and the wine which causes it as the Divine mercy. This is the view of the poem held (as Cowell told Mr. Wright) by the Indian Moonshees, who ridicule the literal interpretation of the poem, and explain its difficult passages by Omar's disbelief in the Mahometan's heaven and hell, and his scorn of the Pharisaic regard for minutiæ. But, said Mr. Wright, at the end of this crucial conversation, "FitzGerald did not agree with you?" And the reply was, "Sometimes he inclined to this belief, though generally not. He could never quite make up his mind."

So the matter remains. Yet no student of FitzGerald's life and character can stop just there. I cannot resist the feeling that whenever FitzGerald was regarding the Rubaiyat as the utterance of the man Omar he read it literally, but that when his mind was filled, not with the poem as a poem, but with that riddle of existence which it does *not* answer, but which it states with incomparable boldness and penetration, that then the larger interpretation made some claim on him. But for the most part the poem only deepened his reverent doubt, and set it to haunting music. One can see how all his thoughts flowed into it, as into a tarn of darkling waters. From an early age he was deeply sensitive to the evanescence of life, the inevitability of its partings, the helplessness of man in "this sorry scheme of things." How often on that winding, muddy road between Woodbridge and Boulge he ratified these moods; never more surely than when he paused on the slope which runs past his birthplace, Bredfield Hall, standing there at a focus-distance from the highway, among the fields of his boyhood which he saw "darken with the days gone by." Long before Omar gave him the colour and pomp of human regret (colour and pomp it needs and has), he had prefaced his own "Chronomoros" with the words of a writer whom he loved, Owen Feltham: "In all the actions of life that a man performs, some part of his life passeth . . . nay, *though we do nothing*, Time keeps his constant pace—whether we play or labour, or sleep or dance, or study, the sun posteth, and the sand runnes." And one thinks of many and many a passage in his Letters, as when he muses, "When I read Boswell and other Memoirs now, what presses on me most is—All these people who

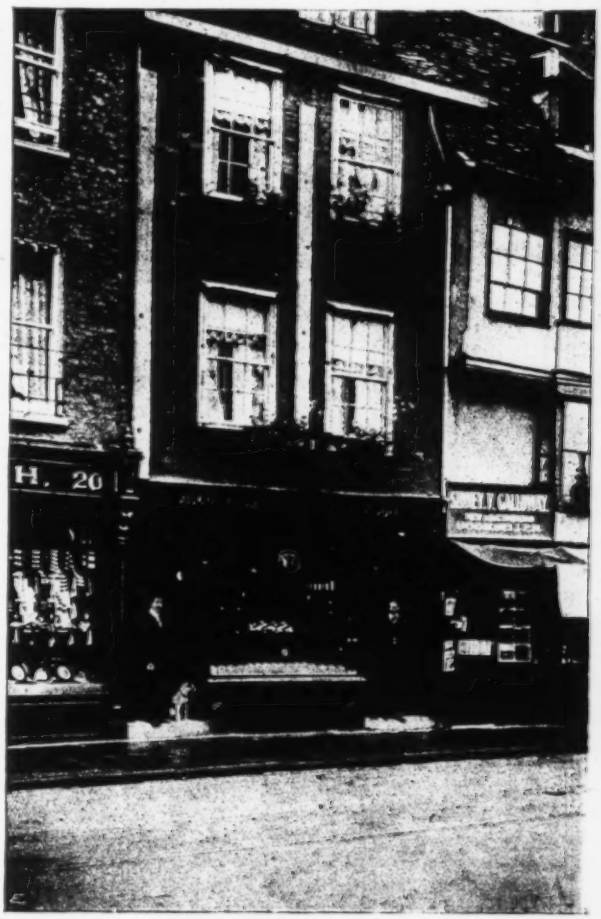


Photo W. Tams, Cambridge.

FitzGerald's Lodgings in Cambridge, 19, King's Parade.

(Reproduced from Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald," by kind permission of Mr. Grant Richards.)

Bredfield House, the Birthplace of Edward FitzGerald.

(Rischgitz Collection.)

"The Quarter Deck."

FitzGerald's house at Woodbridge, showing the Summer-house and Little Grange in the distance.

Photo by R. Eaton White, Esq.

(Reproduced from Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald," by kind permission of Mr. Grant Richards.)

King Edward the Sixth's School at Bury St. Edmunds.

Photo H. I. Jarman, Bury St. Edmunds.

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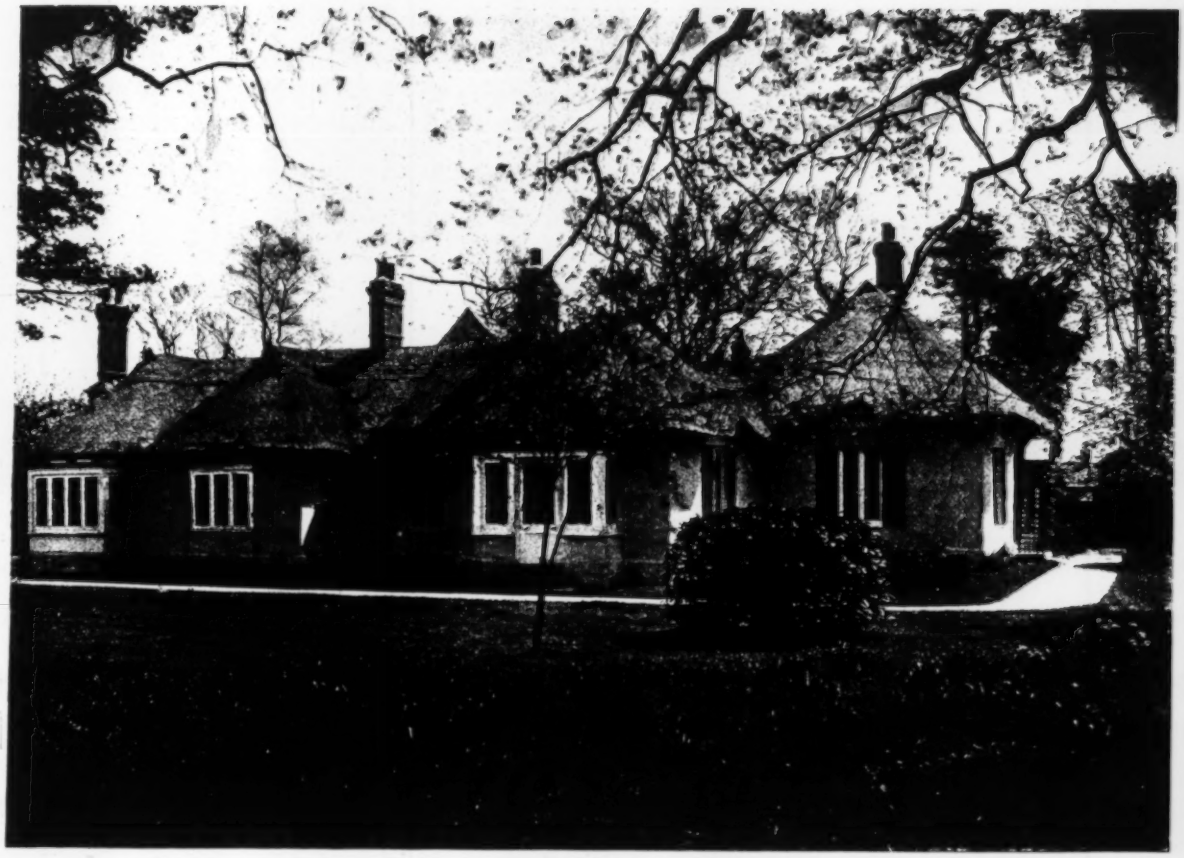


Boulge Cottage, FitzGerald's Residence from 1837-1853.
Rischgitz Collection.

Little Grange, Woodbridge, FitzGerald's Home for nine years (1873-1883).
(Rischgitz Collection.)

From a Water-Colour Painting by Miss Mary Lynn, in the possession of Mr. Thomas Wright.

The Three Marines, Slaughden.

(Reproduced from Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald," by kind permission of Mr. Grant Richards.)

talked and acted so busily are gone"; or again, more personally, "I think the Fun is over, but that should not be"; or "The melancholy of Slaughden last night, with the same Sloops, sticking sidelong in the mud as sixty years ago!"; or—more poignant than all—"I begin to 'smell the Ground,' as Sailors say of the Ship that slackens speed as the Water shallows under her." One could multiply such sentences; if I must add another it shall be that he penned on the death of his blithe and dear friend Kenworthy Browne: "Well, this is so, and there is no more to be said about it."

The Taster of Books.

Such was FitzGerald of the Rubaiyat, the FitzGerald which the world acclaims. It is time to remember that no man had more of the small change of life about him, in all ways of reading, talk, and observation. Nor has any man had, more richly, the virtues of his defects and the advantages of his disadvantages. In his Letters these meet you at every turn, so that one cannot wish that his life had been different, or even assume the attitude of such a wish toward this finely perceptive, finely ruminative man. Not one of his friends got more salt out of life. For the real man and the real book he had an unerring eye, though it was much of a chance whether he was attracted or repelled. His friendships were remarkable: Tennyson, Carlyle, Thackeray, Spedding, Donne, Cowell, Fanny Kemble, Hallam, Lowell, Norton, Charles Keene, Thompson of Trinity, and how many more whom the world knew; how many more of whom the world knew little: Bernard Barton, honest Churchyard, Edwards the painter, Major Moore, Squire Jenny, his boat-captain "Posh," and the rest. With what loyalty of heart he regarded each, yet with humour, and just reservations, and with a certain Virgilian greatness of outlook, wise, unmeddling! To touch on his relations with these friends is impossible. One had this portion of his mind, one that; yet each, perhaps, had the whole. Still, if one sought a single adjective for the Letters in which he revealed himself to them, it would be *literary*. And here I am back at my starting point. In nothing was FitzGerald's obstinate apartness and remoteness of life more justified than in his reading: he read with an absorbing and revisional quietness which makes an oasis in all that one knows and remembers about books. Even Lamb's literary judgments excel FitzGerald's rather in gusto than in interest. FitzGerald may be right or wrong, may seem convincing or crazy, but he leaves the door gently swinging in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke and humorous doubt, and if he is wrong it is his own stupid affair—quite definitely his, all the same. The last thing he asks for, or that you think of giving, is applause, or even confirmation. Many of Lamb's accepted judgments on books are used as seals of belief; FitzGerald's are rather first-rate unfussing companions of belief.

Aristocrat as he was, and scholar, and epicure, FitzGerald's real attitude to books was that of the public, whose ultimate judgment he believed in and defended. That is to say, he read receptively, wishing at bottom rather to feel that a book was good than to find out why it was good. His indication of an excellence was never laboured, it was as natural as a smacking of the lips. And he liked this simplicity toward books in a critic, preferring old Montaigne's remarks on Tacitus to "many cartloads of German Theory." He believed in browsing readers, and in the mysterious rightness of the "Vox Populi of two hundred Years: still more, of two thousand." He considered that men like himself could taste books better than worldlings. Yet he would not rival them in decisiveness. All needless dogma and disputes vexed him, particularly the Macaulay vogue of settling the "best poem," "best epic," "best novel," etc. "Oh for a Pot of Ale rather than such Alarums." What troubled him in London was "all the Clever People going wrong with such clever Reasons for so doing, which I couldn't confute." As, for instance, when he found in Hallam's Literature a deal about "Æsthetics." "Oh, Pollock! let you and I and Spedding stand out against these damnable German humbugs." He liked the sane English criticism of Leslie Stephen, and prayed God for more "Hours in a Library," only observing that he could have suggested a little about Crabbe and one word about Clarissa. As for style, he abhorred it the moment he became conscious of it, and never tired of exalting the changeless English of Wesley's Journal over the essays of "Addison, Johnson, and Co." Enthusiasts of style always disown any intention of dethroning the great translucent writers, but FitzGerald really loved and busied himself with these before others. "For human delight, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Boccaccio, and Scott!"

Imperfect Sympathies.

In literature as in life, his independence was absolute. He gave Tennyson up after 1842, seeing patches of beauty but no need or organic rightness in his "Idylls." He read Thackeray with delight until he grew old and found by experience that he could not *revert* to his saturnine pages, preferring now the sunny side of the wall. He laughed (but almost cried too) over Spedding's forty years' whitewashing of Lord Bacon, holding that life was too short for that. His love of a writer or a book answered nicely to the rudder of his humour, so that a falling-off or a lengthening-out made him fidget. Whom he loved, he abridged. He abridged Crabbe, he wanted to abridge "Clarissa Harlowe," and in the case of minor writers he would paste up whole blocks of their pages, sometimes reducing two volumes to one. This was not so unkind as closing his door for ever on a writer. He closed it, I think, on Browning and his "Cockney Sublime," but he tried several times to read George Eliot before he gave up. Puzzled by his indifference to Horace, and by his imperviousness to Goethe's poetry, he returned to the charge in each case, but had to retire. He was always having what he called "another shot" at these great writers; his shots at Hawthorne being pathetic in their frequency and failure. Jane Austen he could admire, but not read: "Give me people I can't see in stuffy parlours" was, in effect, his cry as he shut one of her novels. Indeed he was mostly for romance and richness. "Gil Blas" only sent him back to "Don Quixote"; he found it insubstantial as, in another way, he found Shelley's poetry.

The Man of Humour.

And the key to this chaos of likes and dislikes? The key that unlocks most of FitzGerald's tastes, as most of his life, is remembering that in the fullest sense of the word he was a man of Humour. Thus he was bound neither by outside opinions, nor his own. Always true-hearted, he never pledged his understanding. He could desert a love with more loyalty than another man could stick, being exquisitely and crazily true to himself. Indeed his Letters derive much of their inexpressible charm from his cullings and tastings in books, apart from any final attitude to their writers. How good, because how biographical, are his stories. Three of them tell us a great deal about him. One is the story of the gentleman of fortune who was entertaining John Wesley, when a careless servant caused a puff of smoke to come out of his fire into the room. Throwing himself back into his chair, he exclaimed, "O Mr. Wesley, these are the crosses I meet with every day." In half a dozen of the Letters you find humorous allusions to this. The next story I have in mind is that of Keats, as a little boy, standing sentry before his sick mother's door with a drawn sword. And the third is Napoleon's reputed last words, "I want to die—I want—a Mother—Ah, mamma Letizia!" One thinks, too, of his exquisite and careless vignettes from Nature: that about the "melancholy of Slaughden," which I have already quoted; and "the Crops as they grow green, yellow, russet, and are finally carried away in the red and blue Waggons with the sorrel horse"; and his flowers grateful for the "smurring" rain; and the single collier going down the Deben to the sea in the sunset; and "white clouds moving over the new fledged tops of oak trees, and acres of grass striving with buttercups—how old to tell of, how new to see!" FitzGerald loved Nature, as he loved books, out of himself and not out of any vogue or tradition. His dislike of London was just as true as it was humorous: he really did prefer to a party of modern wits a talk with "any old Suffolk woman in her cottage." This was his feeling, but he laid no flattering unction to his soul in the matter of his retirement. He said that his choosing to be in such a place as Woodbridge argued a talent for dulness which no situation nor intercourse of men could much improve. He never made out his solitude to be good philosophy, but explained it by sheer inclination—"I really do like to sit in this doleful place . . . no velvet waistcoat and ever-lustrous pumps to be considered; no *bon mots* got up; no information necessary. There is a pipe for the parsons to smoke," etc.

To this man of finest and saddest Humour the end came just when he looked for it, and just as he hoped for it, in 1883. One sees him, self-drawn, in those last days at Woodbridge, alone in his room, a little more forgetful now of books and pictures, drumming out some old tune on his organ, which he said might almost be carried into the street with a handle to turn and a monkey on the top of it. Thus he waited the end, humorously careless of himself, humorously pitiful of "pauvre et triste Humanité." A Humorist of the heart! A Humorist, reverently be it said, even when he chose the words which you may read on the gravestone in Boulge churchyard: "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves."

Joseph Fletcher ("Posh"), about 1868.
(Reproduced from Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald," by kind permission of Mr. Grant Richards.)

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1905.

Answers to these competitions should be sent not later than the 15th of the month to
"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered each month for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to

(*a*) the subject of any article or review,
or (*b*) the name of any author or book, appearing in the June number of THE BOOKMAN.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month is offered for the correct answer to the question:—Name the well-known literary works of which the following are the sub-titles—*New Foes with an Old Face; The Cavalier; The Mistakes of a Night; The Weaver of Raveloe; Memoirs of an Heiress; The History of a Young Lady; A Review of Schools; The Fate of the Nortons; St. Valentine's Day; Varieties of English Life.*

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best selection of ten *single* lines from English poetry to exemplify the maxim:—

"The sound must seem an echo to the sense."
(*Exact references must be given in every case.*)

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender, every month, of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to make use of any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—The prize of Half-a-Guinea for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by Miss JESSIE ANDERSON, 6, Lansdowne Crescent, Glasgow.

THE RED CRAVAT. By A. T. SHEPPARD.

"Hast any philosophy in thee, Shepherd?"
As You Like It, iii., 2, 20

THE BOOKMAN Shakespeare Quotation Competition has been responded to by our readers in the most gratifying manner. A very large number of ingenious quotations has been sent in. Of these many have treated of names so obvious as "Salisbury," "Bagot," "Lamb," and have been disqualified merely on account of the number of identical answers. Preference will always be given to quotations of a distinctly humorous turn. The two next best quotations were submitted by Mr. A. WOOD, Blackhall, Midlothian.

MORE WAMPUM. By Y. Y.

"What is the matter with our Cousin now?"
Rich. II., v., 3, 28.

SHAKESPEAREAN TRAGEDY. By T. SECCOMBE.

"Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief."
Rich. II., v., 1, 93.

Photo by R. Eaton White, Esq.

Boulge Church, showing FitzGerald's Grave.

(Reproduced from Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald," by kind permission of Mr. Grant Richards.)

II.—The prize of Three New Novels of the month has been gained by Mr. L. H. JOHNSON, Trewyn, Dulwich, S.E.

(*a*) The titles of two chapters in Thackeray are misplaced in *Esmond*, 1 and 2.

(*b*) In "The New Year's Coming of Age," Lamb makes "September 2nd" offer "Shrove Tuesday" the "delicate thigh of "a hen *pheasant*." Pheasant shooting begins in October.

(*c*) Blank verse in Dickens.

When Death strikes down the innocent and young,
For every fragile form from which he lets
The panting spirit free, a hundred virtues
Rise, in shapes of mercy, charity and love,
To walk the world and bless it. Of every tear
That sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves
Some good is born, some gentler nature comes.
In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright
Creations that defy his power, and his
Dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.

Old Curiosity Shop, Ch. 72.

Undulating hills
Were changed to valleys, undulating valleys
Were lifted up to hills; masses of water
Shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound;
Every shape tumultuously rolled on,
As soon as made, to change its shape and place,
And beat another shape and place away;
The ideal shore on the horizon,
With its towers and buildings, rose and fell;
The clouds flew fast and thick; I seemed to see
A rending and upheaval of all nature.

David Copperfield, Ch. 55.

Correct answers were received also from Mrs. Maxfield, Rosehill, Cheadle, Staffordshire, whose quotations from Dickens, however, in neither instance exceeded four lines. Short bursts of rhythm are common in Dickens's prose, but passages of ten lines are more rare to seek.

III.—A prize of Half-a-Guinea for the best critical opinions on Schiller has been awarded to Miss L. OPPENHEIM, Hamilton House, Tunbridge Wells.

Wherever in the wide realm of the German-speaking world there are three men who do not cleave to the dust, there they think with emotion of Friedrich Schiller, and with him of the best they know. But he from the height of his everlasting youth cries to them: Form invincible I stand by you, and if I cannot help *you*, I stand by your children and your children's children, until they have learned with strong clean hands to realise boldly the eternal longing: as victors to live up to the strength of their convictions.—*Gottfried Keller.*

Every appearance of Christ, every utterance of his, tends to bring before us higher things. He always rises above the common, and raises us with him. In Schiller, too, this characteristic of Christ's was innate; there is nothing common that he touched without ennobling it.—*Goethe.*

We may say that, as a Poet and Thinker, he attained to a perennial Truth, and ranks among the noblest productions of his century and nation. Goethe may continue *the* German Poet, but neither through long generations can Schiller be forgotten. His works too, the memory of what he did and was, will arise afar off like a towering landmark in the solitude of the Past, when distance shall have dwarfed into invisibility many lesser people that once encompassed him, and hid him from the near beholder. —*Carlyle.*

The vulgar, which binds with chains our common humanity, was to him as an unsubstantial apparition, having no hold upon him. —*Goethe.*

Never shall I forget the sense of intoxication produced in me in my youth by Schiller. His works—the lyrics, and even more the dramas—were for me the glorious bridge over which I suddenly crossed into the field of romance, leaving behind our classic poetry which was forced upon the youthful mind as yet in no state to receive it. This romanticism was to me in every way opposed to the barren Latin and French styles, and opened out a sea of mystery, life-giving and boundless.

We were forbidden to read Victor Hugo, Musset, and even Shakespeare; Schiller was permitted, as from him we could learn German. And so to him I owe the first glowing and never-to-be-forgotten impressions of delight which the awakening of the power of imagination begets in us. Therefore I cannot speak of him impartially, and judge of him as I should of any other poet. To me he always appears in the dazzling light of the period of transition, the days of one's youth. To me he will always be the God who first disclosed to me the beauties of forest and mountain, of moonlight, storm-winds and heroic deeds. With lavish hand he showered upon me the mysterious blossoms and the heavy fragrance of the Germanic soul, which my mind, fettered by its too classic upbringing, greeted with forebodings of restless joy and accepted with grateful devotion. This is what I owe to Schiller, and therefore I will bring as an offering to his memory this one flower of the recollection of my first pure joy, and place it among the palms which will at this commemoration time be laid by abler men on the altar of remembrance.—*Maeterlinck.*

IV.—The prize of One Year's Subscription of THE BOOKMAN has been gained by Miss M. W. ROBERTS, Chudleigh House, Bideford, whose suggestion is the basis of the second item in THE BOOKMAN Competition for June.

BION DEAD.

FROM THE THIRD IDYLL OF MOSCHUS.

O mountain glens, O rivers, O Dorian water clear,
Now mourn with me for Bion, the lovely and the dear!
Blush red, O rose, for sorrow, and thou, anemone!
O springing grass, O woodland, lament for him with me!

Among the herds that loved him no more he sits and plays,
Fluting beneath the oak-trees through the long summer days;
But in the house of Hades another strain he sings
To still the unquiet voices of half-remembered things;
And silent is the hillside, save where forlorn and slow,
Caring no more to pasture his lowing heifers go.

Ah me! though in the garden the mallows' life is brief,
Though fades the fresh green parsley and the curling anise leaf;
Yet tender Spring returning shall bring them in her train,
And in a second summer they live and bloom again;
But we, the strong, the powerful, we mighty men and wise,
When once we die, shall never at call of Spring arise,
But lapped in heavy silence in hollow earth shall keep
Through night that knows no morning an unawaking sleep.

A. M. R.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

"I never Travel without Books. 'Tis the best Viaticum I have yet found out for this human journey."—COTTON'S MONTAIGNE

THE ENGLISH ESSAYISTS.

I.

SIR RICHARD STEELE described his *Tatler* as "a paper, which should observe upon the manners of the pleasurable, as well as the busy part of mankind." This may serve as a definition of what is generally understood by the term, The English Essay. There were essays before the *Tatler* just as there were novels before Richardson's "Pamela." But for all practical purposes the modern essay and the modern novel may be said to begin with Steele and Richardson. Bacon, Cowley, Dryden, Temple were all brilliant essayists. But the *kind* was not the same. Between the essays of Bacon and Steele there is no resemblance but the general name. We must look elsewhere for the roots from which the *Tatler* sprang. In the seventeenth century the writing of "Characters" was a favourite literary pursuit. Of the writers of such John Earle, Bishop of Salisbury, and Sir Thomas Overbury are the most distinguished. Among Earle's subjects we find such headings as "A Blunt Man," "A Critic," "A Mere Empty Wit." The mere names are suggestive of the plan. For these "Characters" are perfectly lifeless; wooden models arrayed in commonplace and rather faded garments. In Steele's hands all this was changed. The "Character" became a thing of flesh and blood, a living man or woman of his own day. There were foreign influences also, not a few, that helped to shape the English Essay. Of these one is so great as to eclipse all the rest. The real founder of the essay is undoubtedly Montaigne. He first showed the supreme importance of "the personal touch." In every line he wrote we feel the magic influence of a great personality. Not only Steele and Addison but the whole course of English journalism are under an incalculable debt to the practice of Montaigne.

It is accordingly true that Steele and Addison gleaned from the work of many predecessors. But it is none the less the case that, by skilfully selecting and modifying, they made out of the old materials an entirely new kind or form in English literature.

On its first appearance on April 12, 1709, the *Tatler* was at once recognised as a new and brilliant departure. The paper was divided into five heads—gallantry, poetry, learning, politics, and "editorial." Very often the political section has undue pre-eminence. The *Tatler* is only a periodical in embryo. It is still partly a newspaper. As it proceeds, it gains in uniformity. This may well have been due to the influence of Addison, who was not long in seeing that his friend's brilliant project was the ideal medium for his own wit.

The *Tatler* continued for nearly two years, in all two hundred and seventy-one numbers. Of these, Steele wrote more than four to Addison's one. In the preface to the fourth volume, Steele makes his celebrated acknowledgment to Addison, comparing himself to "a distressed prince who is undone by the auxiliary he had called in." In this Steele is more generous to his friend than just to himself. The looser form of the *Tatler* was as perfect a vehicle for Steele's "happy thoughts" as was the more elaborate *Spectator* for the thrice-polished disquisitions of Addison. The latter's most characteristic paper in the *Tatler* is the sketch of Ned Softly (No. 163), "a very pretty poet and a great admirer of easy lines." It is written in a vein of delightful banter, and reveals Addison as already a master of the particular form of humour which later he was to make his own.

The best known quotation from Steele is his remark on Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that "to love her is a liberal education" (No. 49). But this happily-turned phrase has many fellows. With all his faults the gallant ex-Guardsman was much more than the wine-bibbing, easy-tempered, henpecked husband described in Thackeray's "Esmond." He was the first English author to give a true and tender picture of home life, and he is fully entitled to the reverence of women as their greatest champion, the first Defender of the Fair. The entire English Comedy of Manners from Etherege to Wycherly is a gross libel on English women, for which even Lamb could offer only a very ingenious but inadequate defence. Less than ten years after the appearance of Congreve's "Way of the World," in which immorality is brilliantly gilded by a most splendid wit, we find in the *Tatler* (No. 95) Steele's charming "Scene of Domestic Felicity." In actual time the gap is but a few years; in feeling and in point of view it appears a century. Mr. Bickerstaff visits an old friend. The children receive him rapturously. The "good lady," wisely leaving the two old friends to a bout of delightful reminiscence, searches "her closet for something very good to treat such an old friend." Presently, with tuck of tiny drum, enters Mr. Bickerstaff's little godson, and our kindly essayist is soon discussing with him the Seven Champions, Guy of Warwick, and "all the learning on the other side eight years old." To appreciate Sir Richard Steele, to love him, to desire his further acquaintance, I know no way so swift and sure as the reading of the *Tatler*, No. 95.

The short life of the *Tatler* was not due to any want of appreciation. Steele and Addison had a new project in view, for which a new title was desirable. After a lapse of two months the *Spectator* began its memorable career of five hundred and ten numbers. Of these all but forty-five were the work of Steele and Addison, whose contributions were of almost equal extent. In the opening essay by Addison "Mr. Spectator" declares his intention of avoiding politics, and describes himself as "a looker-on, which is the character I intend to observe in this paper." (Steele and Addison, it may be noted, were singularly happy in their choice of names for their periodicals. These have been often copied, but never bettered. Addison's description of the Spectator as a "looker-on" has furnished a signature to many *causeries* besides Mrs. Oliphant's famous articles in *Blackwood*.)

The most important of the early papers in the *Spectator* was the second number by Steele, in which he sketched the six members of the Club. Steele, who founded the *Tatler*, created Sir Roger de Coverley—the best-loved name in English literature outside the domain of fiction. Much ink has been spilt over the question of this authorship. Some critics, like Mr. Gosse, have called Sir Roger "the peculiar property of Addison." On the other hand, Leigh Hunt and Thackeray give authority to the late Professor Minto's finding that "all that is amiable in the conception belongs to Steele." The facts as well as the authorities appear to justify this view. Addison did not always succeed in remaining an impartial "looker-on." In his hands Steele's simple country gentleman became a booby Tory squire, an excellent target for his delightful raillery. The question is not one of very great importance. When two authors collaborate successfully, it is generally a fruitless inquiry to try to determine their respective shares. The best that can be said of this question is that it affords a delightful lesson in literary criticism. The Coventry papers are only thirty-one in number. Of these twenty-three are known to be the work of Steele and Addison. No literary problem can be more safely recommended than the reading of these twenty-three essays. In attempting to trace the respective claims of Steele and Addison, the reader may arrive at no certain judgment. But his time will not have been misspent. He will have given a few days and nights to the reading of some of the choicest and most alluring pages of English prose.

Apart from the essays in the "Coverley" series, the peculiar qualities of Addison are nowhere better seen than in the papers on "Nicolini and the Lions" (*Spectator*, No. 13), and on "Fans" (*Spectator*, No. 102). In these we find Addison's wit at its high-watermark, and discover the secret of his irony. Irony, according to any dictionary, means "dissembling." Socratic irony was the feigning of ignorance. Addisonian irony is the feigning of sympathy—in other words, polite ridicule. In the handling of this dangerous literary weapon Addison has no superior. His persiflage is perfect. It is only on a second reading that we detect the cleverly concealed malice. Sometimes, as in his picture of the Tory Fox-hunter (*Freeholder*, No. 22), we detect the master in his real character, fencing with unguarded foil. But with all his "elegance" and literary dexterity, Addison, like Lockhart, is always something of a

Photo H. Welton, Woodbridge. **Woodbridge Beach.**

Photo H. Welton, Woodbridge. **Woodbridge Jetty.**

Photo H. Welton, Woodbridge. **Woodbridge.**

Photo J. A. Reid, Esq., Bedford. **The Ouse from the Falcon, Bletsoe.**

From Photographs kindly supplied by Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney.

The Three Tuns at Chesterton (back view).

From a Photograph kindly supplied by Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney.

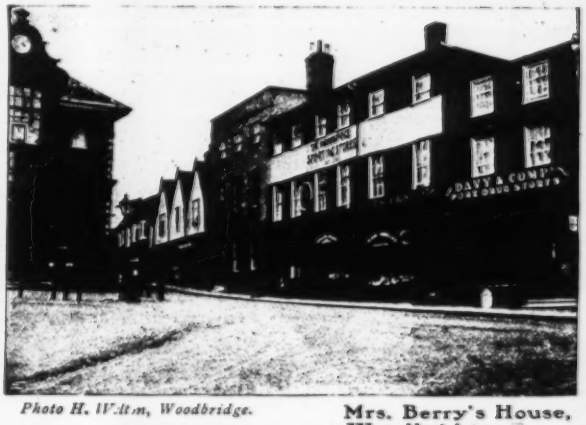
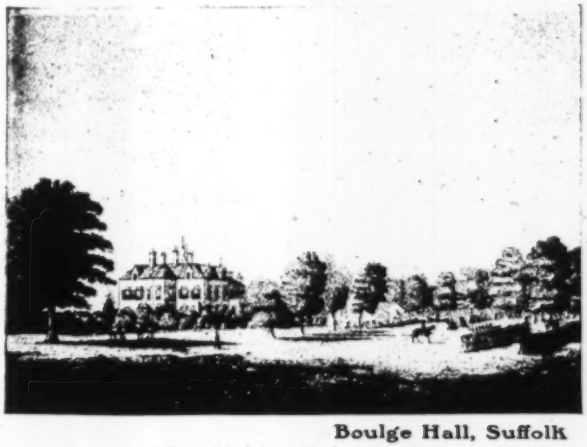


Photo H. Welton, Woodbridge. **Mrs. Berry's House, Woodbridge.**

Where FitzGerald lodged for thirteen years (1860-1873).
(Reproduced from Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald," by kind permission of Mr. Grant Richards.)



Boulge Hall, Suffolk

The "Scandal," FitzGerald's Yacht.

(Reproduced from Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald," by kind permission of Mr. Grant Richards.)

scorpion. The characterisation of Will Wimble is full of irony brilliantly concealed. That subtle difference, so hard to define and exemplify, between wit and humour, is nowhere more clearly discoverable than in the separate contributions of Addison and Steele to the portrait of Sir Roger de Coverley.

No periodical of its century approached the *Spectator* in point of fame and influence. It had honour even in its own day, and was credited with the most surprising reformation of contemporary manners. "While Swift," says Thackeray, "went about, hanging and ruthless—a literary Jefferies—in Addison's kind court only minor cases were tried; only peccadilloes and small sins against society; only a dangerous libertinism in tuckers and hoops; or a nuisance in the abuse of beaux' canes and snuff-boxes. It may be a lady is tried for breaking the peace of our sovereign lady Queen Anne, and ogling too dangerously from the side box; or a Templar for beating the watch, or breaking Priscian's head; or a citizen's wife for caring too much for the puppet-show, and too little for her husband and children; every one of the little sinners brought before him is amusing, and he dismisses each with the pleasantest penalties and the most charming words of admonition." To speak of Addison's "kind court" is rather to beg the question. It depends on the point of view. Undoubtedly the judge was a master wit, and his court-room always rang with laughter. But the prisoners at the bar might pardonably fail to see the joke. They would see, as Thackeray did not, that Addison's wit is barbed with malice. Steele laughs *with* his victim; Addison laughs *at* him. For Addison excels, as Johnson said, in "gay malevolence and satirical humour." It was the same critic who happily said of him that "he thinks justly, but he thinks faintly." Addison's once boasted learning has not stood the verdict of time. His criticism has been adjudged shallow and conventional. For purposes of imitation the student can no longer be advised to "give his days and nights to Addison." But for all who cherish English letters, the advice is still as binding and imperative as ever. The style of Addison was "of an age"; his polished wit, his perfect irony, his nimble and playful fancy are "for all time."

The history of the English Essay falls naturally into three broad divisions, corresponding roughly with the beginning, middle, and end of the eighteenth century. The literary form perfected by the genius of Addison and Steele contained in it the seeds of two other developments of great moment. For the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* are the progenitors of the novel and the magazine. Both of these attained a wonderful maturity before Samuel Johnson in the *Rambler* endeavoured to revive an outworn fashion. It is no paradox to say that this secondary and indirect achievement of the essay was its greatest. The birth-year of modern English fiction was 1740. Our magazines, great and small, worthy and unworthy, claim a common ancestry in Edward Cave's *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1731. RANGER.

The following are some suggested texts and reference books for the period:—

Sir Roger de Coverley and the Spectator's Club. Ed. Morley. 3d. (Cassell's National Library.)
Addison. Selected Essays. Ed. Evans. 2s. (Blackie.)
Addison Selections. Ed. Arnold. 6s. (Clarendon Press.)
Steele, Selected Essays. Ed. Dobson. 5s. (Clarendon Press.)
Gosse's History of Eighteenth Century Literature. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
The Age of Pope. By John Lennis. 3s. 6d. (Bell.)
The *Spectator*. Ed. Morley. (Routledge.)
Thackeray's English Humorists. (Smith, Elder.)
Johnson's Life of Addison. 3d. (Cassell's National Library.)
Isaac Bickerstaff. From the *Tatler*. 3d. (Cassell's National Library.)
Addison. E. M. L. 2s. net. By W. J. Courthope. (Macmillan.)
English Essays. Ed. Lobban. 2s. 6d. (Blackie.)
Character-Writers of the Seventeenth Century. Ed. Morley. Carisbrooke Library. 2s. 6d. (Routledge.)
Essays, Biographical, Critical, and Historical, on the English Essayists. By Nathan Drake. 5 vols. 1805.
Macaulay's Essay on Addison. Ed. Sheldon. 2s. (Blackie.)
Life of Steele. English Worthies Series. By A. Dobson. 2s. 6d. (Longmans.)

New Books.

JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE.*

These volumes take us back to a unique episode, the recognition of "John Inglesant" as a work of genius inspired by religion. They disclose a personality, not great, but abounding in distinction and charm, though clouded also with colours which, to Catholics at all events, could not be agreeable. For the mystic who conformed to the Church of England on his own terms was fiercely anti-Roman. I call to mind some conversations in those far-off years with Mr. W. P. Turnbull, the scholar and friend to whom we owe it that "John Inglesant" was made public. And it is a pleasure to me that my own account of the romance, which in part was severe, found with its author adequate and even generous acknowledgment. The letters reprinted in this Biography do not much alter the estimate which I then formed of talents rare beyond question, of a gentle and genial yet mildly obstinate temperament, and of a character limited by its English or insular seclusion, while feeling out, as by instinct, to a larger world.

In a kindly prologue the Rev. J. Hunter Smith brings out (and a curious contrast it affords) the relation of Mr. Shorthouse to his native town of Birmingham, old Unitarian or newer Radical, with its dry light, its George Dawson, its energy, and stress, and absorption in the day passing over it. Cardinal Newman dwelt on its borders during some forty years, but his books and ideas, nay his very appearance, were as good as unknown to its inhabitants. Quakers had taken up their abode in the neighbourhood long before; and of these came Joseph Henry Shorthouse, who, when the ancient doctrine of the Spirit seemed extinct, gave it a fresh beauty and a fascination that captivated all England. How long had he been writing his book, someone asked him. "All my life," he answered. And it was true. This message he received from the tranquil sect which in 1861 he had exchanged for baptism and the English Church; he dropped the negative of the Friends and put in its place the doctrine of symbols and sacraments. To the combination he was indebted for those romantic elements, now united and again in conflict, that keep us intent on them all through Inglesant's career. But the balance is not always held; at last it is the Quaker that triumphs. And this explains why Shorthouse hated Rome, little as he knew of it except by hearsay. His "mild obstinacy" is the flower, the quintessence, of private judgment.

Certain of these points are visible in the correspondence with Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Southwark, in old times Warden of Keble; with Mr. Arthur Galton, and with Lady Welby. Apart from such disputable yet always interesting topics, there is not a great deal in the two volumes before us. We follow the author's boyhood and youthful imaginations not without sympathy: we admire the patience under life's vicissitudes of his Quaker kinsfolk: we are grieved that "Henry" himself should have been afflicted with "a stammer which was almost a convulsion," and have fallen under the mysterious touch of epilepsy. His modest or unconscious genius wins our hearts. We cannot rate his judgment as high as we should like when he writes to Matthew Arnold, hoping to find a prophet in the apostle of culture. We are even startled when this "dreamer" suddenly breaks out in defence of modern commercialism; and the question arises unbidden why "Friends" have shown such an aptitude in the counting-house. Another not less peculiar trait in this descendant of drab-coloured ancestors was his love for outward shows, for chivalry, dainty apparel, rank and heraldic fame, which got for him the playful title of "The Marquis." There is nothing of the business man in "John Inglesant." All the rest is there to such a degree that we cannot divide the book from the life of its author, and must go back to it as his real, that is to say his spiritual, biography. From which it seems to be a consequence that we wanted hardly any of these letters in addition. And, oddly enough, the chapters which relate his famous years do hold us not so much as the beginnings and the touching end of an essentially hidden experience. A few pages, prefixed to the single volume by which he will survive, would have told us all we require. It is well to say this in the cause of literature; while we enjoy

* "Life and Literary Remains of J. H. Shorthouse." In two volumes. Edited by his Wife. 17s. net. (Macmillan.)

whatever is graceful, affectionate, and devout in a correspondence that had no public bearing, we feel that it might have been left as a treasure to his intimate friends. Such, no doubt, will be its destiny.

In the second volume, termed "Remains," there is one paper, on the Platonism of Wordsworth, original if not always convincing, with real power in it, which deserves to be read. The Essay on Frederick Denison Maurice does not aim at reproducing the life or analysing the character of one to whom Mr. Shorthouse owed his Anglican principles, so far as they did not spring up of their own accord within him. It is therefore unsatisfactory. At all times, in turning a page, we may light upon a sentence, mysteriously rich and beautiful, to make us linger. But if ever there was a man of one book it is Joseph Henry Shorthouse. When he had written it, his authorship was finished. Though disfigured, as we must repeat, by strange unfounded charges against that "great Sacrament," the Roman Church, it abides, and will abide, as the confession of a beautiful soul, enamoured of all fair things, but setting above them the ideal of Holiness.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE PERFECT WORLD.*

Ever since the human race became too wise to go on living rationally, men have been dreaming of impossibly perfect Utopias in which they should find the world remoulded nearer to their hearts' desire; and, though things have been steadily improving since we have seen the golden age in front instead of behind us, one reserves a strictly private opinion as to the likelihood or unlikelihood of our ever arriving there. We still go on dreaming of it; are walking, nowadays, with our faces resolutely set towards it; and this, we are secretly convinced, is far better than ever reaching it. Has anyone risen from a reading of More's "Utopia," of Bacon's "New Atlantis," of Plutarch's "Lycurgus," of Campanella's "City of the Sun," with a sincere yearning to depart from this imperfect world and live permanently in one of those ideal Commonwealths? Rather, I think, one rises from the perusal, sighing regretfully that such immaculate places and the beautifully philosophic laws that govern them are much too good "for human nature's daily food," and with a sneaking thankfulness that the homely, unmethodical, bad old earth is no worse than it is.

In "A Modern Utopia," Mr. Wells dreams the old dreams over again in a new way. If he is less poetic than the earlier philosophers were, he is more daringly imaginative, more scientifically ingenious; he makes fullest use of modern discoveries and inventions, and evolves even more marvellous developments of them. His Utopia and its people are nearer to being ordinarily natural and human than such places and people usually are; he keeps his world and its inhabitants on a more practical level, if anything can be said to be practical where everything is so visionary; his orderly, unreal world is a fantastic beatification of our own; its men and women are each one of them a duplicate, or other self, of some man or woman living here below, and something of "the blood and warmth and reality of life" informs and humanises it all. Fashioning the modern Utopia, "We are to shape our state," says Mr. Wells, "in a world of uncertain seasons, sudden catastrophes, antagonistic diseases, and inimical beasts and vermin, out of men and women with like passions, like uncertainties of mood and desire to our own. And, moreover, we are going to accept this world of conflict, to adopt no attitude of renunciation toward it, to face it in no ascetic spirit, but in the mood of the Western peoples, whose purpose is to survive and overcome. So much we adopt in common with those who deal not in Utopias, but in the world of Here and Now."

This purpose Mr. Wells brilliantly accomplishes, yet in the result one feels that what he offers us is really only a heaven below for the scientist, the mechanician, and the members of organisation societies; the companionable everyday man could never be at home there. His treatment of disorder, crime, incompetence, and general unfitness would make the Utopia very respectable, but very dull. You may say that the book is a sugared pill, a University Extension lecture disguised as a story; nevertheless, you cannot deny that there is much in it that is stimulating and profoundly suggestive; that it is close packed with thought, yet as interesting as a novel; that, in a word, it is a fascinating and amazingly clever piece of work.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

* "A Modern Utopia." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

"UN PRÊTRE MANQUÉ."*

The durability of Renan's fame is shown in nothing more clearly than the passion, the eloquence, and the generally readable quality of the books that he inspires. Like most great architects of thought or action, he has left material which human interest and literary skill will never fail to weave into a legend which will renew itself as infallibly as the spring. Within the last ten years alone very interesting studies have been published by Mr. Espinasse and Mme. Darmesteter, and by Mr. Hutchison in the introductions to his excellent versions, and now Dr. Barry has proved no exception to the rule. As a Catholic he has, of course, grave doubts as to the character of the arts practised by the Breton Prospero; he suspects his Ariel of being an evil spirit, and, when he brings water out of a dry rock in the Syrian desert, he frankly warns us that the fountains of eloquence thus produced are likely to be tainted from the source. To increase the sense of danger he injects some carefully prepared poison of his own distillation. He describes, for instance, with subtle depreciation, Renan's method of "gently soliciting" the inspired text for material for pretty madrigals, looking perpetually in the glass as he elaborates the chief portraits, and producing eventually a dissolving view of the Gospel, while his sweet style gradually spellbinds and hallucinates his readers until they are intoxicated by an exuberance of idyllic sentimentalism correspondent to his own. The keenness of insight here shown into the great writer's foibles is stimulated, no doubt, by the downright sincerity of Dr. Barry's opposition to Renan's principles and propaganda. Their premisses have, we can recognise at once, nothing in common. Dr. Barry holds that Christ is divine in a supernatural sense, and that the records of his divine mission are inspired. Renan says Miracles do not happen. Criticism knows of no infallible tests. Its principle is to admit the possibility of error in the text which it studies. And, wherever it finds faults, it must endeavour to analyse and control them. Trained up from a boy to uphold the first of these positions, Renan passed over on October 6, 1845, to the second. Three days later, by a curious coincidence, Newman deserted the Anglicanism in which he had been born and bred and passed into the Roman camp at Littlemore. To the first of these conversions, but not explicitly to the second, Dr. Barry applies the term apostasy. For our part we must admit that belief and unbelief are alike so rare, and the processes involved in passing from one to the other such an enviable intellectual and moral experience, that we regard the term apostate as it is commonly applied to be one of the subtlest forms of eulogy. Both intellectually and morally it cannot possibly be denied that Renan was one of the elect. He had nothing to gain, but much to lose and great agony to encounter in the traverse that he made. Since the days of St. Louis, whose regard for Truth was such that he would not deceive even a Saracen, we cannot think of anyone whose ardour for Truth was more sincere than his. We cannot sympathise with the necessity that some people feel of being angry with him because he discovered that the Truth he imagined in his youth was a mirage, and said playfully that every age must fabricate the illusions necessary to its well-being.

The records of Renan's youth have never been treated with greater tact, knowledge, or discernment than in the first two chapters of Dr. Barry's book. We can conjure up to ourselves with a new clearness and accuracy the young Sulpician in the park at Issy, wandering about the pleasant alleys formed by long lines of hornbeam (the *vieille charmille* so dear to the hearts of French seminarists), under the shade of which he passed his hours, reading omnivorously, debating with his own mind, and drinking deep draughts of philosophic doubt. For two months he did not stir beyond this park; and for two whole years he never went into Paris, not quite five miles distant. He was a born savant. He remained two-fifths ecclesiastic to the end, but he was three-fifths savant, and Dr. Barry cannot forgive his yielding to the importunity of the odd

* "Ernest Renan." By William Barry, D.D. Literary Lives. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)

fifth. He lays, we think, far too much stress upon that failure which, after all, the vast majority of artists will ever share—the failure to attain to any certitude in faith or to any elixir of happiness, the failure to escape from the discovery that an abiding sadness is at the root of all things human. Let us look rather upon what he achieved, not of mere worldly and transient success, but in the way of literary "immortality," as we call it. For the combination of science and *belles-lettres*, we can only name one Englishman of anything like an equivalent force, and he died just 271 years ago; Gibbon and Macaulay are writers in the same category, but of far inferior influence. For Renan was, of course, primarily an historian, and his evolutionary views of what may be called the *primum mobile* of history, largely considered, profoundly influence our thought wherever we turn at the present day. Without Renan we can imagine neither the mild surmises of Matthew Arnold, the *Fors Clavigera* of Ruskin, the apostasy of Robert Elsmere, the altruistic fervour of Tolstoi, or the exquisite nihilism of Anatole France. Without him even Nietzche, for all his contempt of Christianity and its slave morals, could never have been the original thinker he is. If it was very largely by mere verbal conjuring, by quaint fancies and delightful cadences, as Dr. Barry almost seems to suggest, that all this was done, then surely must this modern Chrysostom be the first stylist in the whole world. Of his words it has been well said that they fall like snowflakes, uniform, continuous, soft, brilliant—every part crystalline. But there is, of course, much more in Renan than this. Why look exclusively on the negative side? He was not a Newman. Equipollent in many respects, curiously parallel in others, the legends of two contemporary Catholics could not well be more antagonistic. Renan was no theologian, and he put aside the habit which clothes Newman like a romance. But how specially, how marvellously attractive he is to that great host of people who are neither believers nor unbelievers!—to the worthy folk who are delighted to find that they are Christians and philosophers at the same time, and both without having suspected the fact for an instant! His method strikingly recalls the fable of Æsop which tells us how, after the angry blast (meaning the ferocious rationalism of the eighteenth century) had stormed in vain against the traveller, who clasped his old coat of orthodoxy the more tightly as the tempest waxed fiercer, the sun put forth his genial beams (clearly the sunny smile and sentimental idealism of Renan), and the traveller whipped off his coat without knowing what he was doing, and sought the shelter of the nearest thornbush. The symbol and the chief instrument of the power thus exercised was, of course, the *Vie de Jésus* of 1863, when the veil of the Temple was rent and the heavens were darkened for sixteen lunar months by the indignant diatribes of raging doctors of divinity. The author was absolutely unperturbed. In the imminent deadly breach of theological controversy his cue was to lie still and let the storm of battle pass over him. A savant, he always held, has no concern whatever with the consequences of his researches. And what were the consequences? We venture to think, in spite of Dr. Barry, that they were not unimportant and not transient merely. They include, among other things, the realisation by an increasing number of people that religions, like other phenomena, are molten and reshaped in the cauldron of human experience. They prepare the way for what we shall come to perceive more and more clearly, perhaps—namely, the gypsy element in primitive Christianity. Pharisaism is always lurking round the corner ready to smuggle away the traces of humble human experience, but Renan divined a good deal when he wrote: "Toute l'histoire du christianisme naissant est devenue de la sorte une délicieuse pastorale. Un Messie aux repas de noces, la courtisane et le bon Zachée appelés à ses festins, les fondateurs du royaume du ciel comme un cortége de paranymphes: voilà ce que la Galilée a osé." This delectable compound of idyllic vagrancy and *fêtes champêtres* in the early life of the apostles was, perhaps, a little overdone by Renan, but no admirer of literary beauties will begrudge a little sentimental efflorescence to such a consummate stylist. New religions, as he was one of the first to realise, are invented every day in the East. Three things mainly are requisite for the operation—first, a social idea of as general an application as possible; secondly, an ancient liturgy to furnish with; thirdly, a quick eye and a potent hand, cool to heal and nimble to conjure with. Many of these religions have the elements of beauty, but few have the principle of life. As soon as ever they fructify the transforming process begins, and, if they arrive at becoming authoritative, they can hardly expect to escape becoming commonplace. Distinctive early traits are put into corners, more and more out of sight. The Syrian peasants of two thousand years ago, could they be miraculously transported to twentieth century Rome, would probably take very little interest in the religion which is now taught in their name. Far from being clothed in imperial purple, with its feet on the shoulders of kings, Christianity was, until the death of Domitian, the faith of the very dregs of the world-empire—the most perfect synonym for degradation to a Roman's ear was "the Jews of the Janiculum." The real bearing of this, which since 1863 is almost a commonplace, was first perceived by Renan. Greatly to the credit of the scholar's impartiality is it that, sorely against his will, he insisted upon what became clearer and clearer to him as the essentially communistic character of early Christianity, and, greatly as it distressed him, upon the thaumaturgy, glossolaly, and other "miraculous" elements which are, as he clearly saw, inseparable from the records. In this respect he was less successful than usual in allowing for the *genius loci*. Every idea, in order to succeed, has to make certain sacrifices; and, after 1900 years of sacrifice, we cannot be surprised if not much of the orginal idea is easily discernible. Renan has done more than any other archæologist or historian to discover and reveal the original traits of our religion and its founder. By concentrating and reducing to its original elements this religion, he has, we think, greatly strengthened the idea of the supremacy of Jesus as a religious teacher. After reading the *Vie de Jésus* turn to the Lord's Prayer, and you will feel, as you never felt before, the sublimity in simplicity of one who felt, as man had never felt before and has never felt since, the sonship of man and the fatherhood of God. In place of the egoistic verbiage that so often has to do duty for prayer, here is all, absolutely all, that the soul of the righteous man craves.

As the sense of Humanity is dissipated by Patriotism, Party, and Cave, so it cannot be denied that the spirit of Christianity has been dissipated by Catholicism, Protestantism, and Sect, and has diverged more and more from the original. But such men as Renan and Tolstoi have with infinite labour caught a few loose sparks and blown them to a flame resembling the original more nearly than anything we have seen since the time of Francis of Assisi. It was inevitable, clearly, that both should be excommunicated, both placed on the Index, both called Apostates!

Difference of point of view cannot and must not conceal from any dispassionate reader the value of the present work from a writer of such enormously wide reading and such very special knowledge of Catholic France and its problems as Dr. Barry, whose work is a distinct contribution to the legend of which Renan spoke when he wrote, "I shall have my biography and my legend." It is a distinct addition to this attractive and most presentable series. The portraits alone, and, in particular, the wonderfully interesting picture of the Renan monument at Tréguier, deserve an article to themselves. T. S.

IMPERIALISM.*

It might be thought that Imperialism as a subject of study had been exhausted. It has been left to a Hungarian historical writer, Dr. Emil Reich, to handle the well-worn topic in a manner which may be fairly called original. Imperialism, according to Dr. Reich, cannot be properly understood till it is studied from the standpoint of General History. The driving force of the great modern nations, he says, is Imperialism. Like a universal epidemic, it spreads. Nations seem to take it as children take measles, and it is for historical students to ponder over and carefully study the results. These manifest themselves in every relation of life, leaving their impress on man, woman, religion, and intellect. There is something fascinating in the attempt to discover a key which will unlock all the secret recesses of history. This fondness for all-embracing generalisations is characteristic of Continental thinkers. De Tocqueville, it will be remembered, sought the explanation

* "Imperialism. Its Prices: Its Vocation." By Emil Reich. 3s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson and Co.)

of modern civilisation in the passion for equality which had its dramatic rise at the time of the French Revolution. Then we have Taine attempting to trace English literature to the play of a few fundamental forces—race, environment, and such like. And now we have Dr. Reich making a similar attempt to reduce large tracts of life to simplicity. Such attempts are interesting, but deceptive. There is no denying the fact that nations in the past, in the process of expansion, have pursued a policy of annexation. Nations, like animals, have illustrated the Darwin law of the survival of the fittest through the struggle for existence. It is carrying the Imperialistic tendency too far to speak of it as if it were the strongest tendency in national life, and determining the course of individual, social, intellectual, and religious evolution. Dr. Reich would have us believe that such things as the Reformation and Puritanism owe their existence to Imperialism. Imperialism, we are told, also determines the natures of men and women, and gives the key to the particular form which national religions assume.

This materialist way of interpreting history is surely very superficial. If we were bent upon formulating a counter thesis, it would not be difficult to put forward one which, as strongly as Dr. Reich's theory, could be fortified by appeals to history. It would be nearer the truth to say with Sir John Seeley that not Imperialism but Religion has always been the driving force in societies and States. "Look where you will," says Seeley, "in the wide field of history you find religion, whenever it works freely and mightily, either giving birth to and sustaining States or else raising them up to a second life after their destruction." Certainly, if history is to be interpreted by isolating one factor and making it the controlling factor, more facts can be got to support Sir John Seeley's theory than that of Dr. Reich. The truth is, Imperialism of the kind mentioned in this book is no fatalistic power, no pre-determined stage through which nations must pass, whether they will or not. It is largely the cause of an erroneous economic theory of progress. Start with the assumption that nations cannot grow except at the expense of one another, and manifestly, as growth is a necessity, wars and annexation must also be necessities. These things again will inevitably have a certain influence upon the religion and political habits of the people. But start with the theory which lies at the root of political economy, that in the matter of growth there is no necessary antagonism among nations, and that peaceful rivalry is conducive to international harmony, and the colossal theories of Dr. Reich tumble to the ground.

That the view here outlined is beginning to take root in this country is clear from the remarkable utterance of Mr. Balfour at the annual dinner of the Iron and Steel Institute in May of 1903, when he said: "The riches of one nation conduce not to the poverty but to the wealth of another nation; and if we could double or treble by the stroke of some fairy wand the wealth of every nation in the world but our own, depend upon it our nation would greatly profit by the process." Now suppose this view had been held by the great nations of antiquity and by the modern nations of which Dr. Reich writes, the whole course of history would have been different, which surely goes to prove that there is nothing fatalistic about Imperialism. Instead of wars and annexations having been the great necessary driving forces of history, the real driving force has been economic ignorance. To argue, therefore, that national ideals rooted in ignorance will always by an inevitable necessity hold sway over humanity is to misunderstand the nature and process of human evolution. Dr. Reich's book is eminently readable, but it is no great contribution to the philosophy of history.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

THE APOGEE OF PARLIAMENT.*

The same characteristics which we noted in the first two volumes of Mr. Herbert Paul's "History of Modern England" continue to mark the third volume, which narrates the history of the decade 1865-1875, and in doing so fully sustains the high standard of excellence set by its predecessors. The author is eloquent, vivacious, epigrammatic, and, in the main, both accurate and judicious. We cannot refrain, however, from expressing our sincere regret that the very serious omission upon which we animadverted in 1904 has not been remedied in 1905. It is almost incredible that a work with such claims to scholarly finish and authoritative historical value as this should be put forth lacking a detailed chronological table of contents. Whether from the point of view of the teacher, the historical student, or the general reader who needs to make a casual reference or who desires a synoptic view of the period he is traversing, this deficiency is, to use one of Mr. Paul's own familiar adjectives, most reprehensible.

Upon a rough computation we estimate that nearly two-thirds of this volume is devoted to Parliamentary History: and this large share of attention is less disproportionate than it would be at almost any other period of English History, for Parliament was undoubtedly at this time at the height of its power and prestige. Its moods were incalculable and despotic, and its independence of view was formidable alike to ministers, to Governments, and to all propositions of life which came into conflict with the still rigid individualism represented by such men as Fawcett. Mr. Paul's style is peculiarly appropriate to the treatment of this phase in our annals, for he falls naturally into what may not unfitly be described as the best kind of Parliamentary style, witty rather than humorous, incisive rather than imaginative, plausible rather than profound: but uniformly well arranged, every phrase smoothed out and carefully stroked into its place, as if it had been held in suspension for some time in the mind of a practised and accomplished speaker. The rise and fall of the sentences, the selection and balance of eloquent adjectives, the forensic character of the embellishments, all contribute to give an eminently oratorical character to the style, which often reminds one forcibly of Disraeli's manner in his political writings, such as the "Life of Lord George Bentinck." Disraeli and Macaulay, whose double-dyed Whig intransigeance he seems not frequently to share, are obviously Mr. Paul's political and historical models as far as the handling of material is concerned. Where, indeed, could he find better? What is very pleasant, however, is to recognise here and there a touch of real sentiment or a blossom of finer humour penetrating almost unconsciously this humus of carefully elaborated rhetoric and glittering, but sometimes slightly glacial, wit. Such passages are to be found in the appreciation of Mill (page 367), the defence of the Agricultural Labourers' Union, or the sympathetic cartoon of Plimsoll, "so blind to the true proportion of things that in his prejudice against homicide he violated order by standing on the middle of the floor."

The genuine interest with which he has managed to invest an essentially unheroic period may be taken as indicating a triumph for Mr. Paul's style and method of narration. After 1870 the great intellectual activity of the nineteenth century commences to decline. The great causes of reform had mainly been fought and won. The English people were prosperous on peace and free trade. They were fixed complacently in the belief that their locomotion and industrial appliances generally were the best in existence, as befitted those of the richest nation in the world. No great sacrifices of any kind were contemplated. Individualism was still the favourite creed of the comfortable classes. Capitalistic morals, with a maximum of external decorum and a co-efficiency of police control, were steadily in the ascendant. Science and the Press were beginning stealthily to supersede Art and Poetry, and State education was beginning to sap that local individuality by which Englishmen had hitherto set no little store. Parliament, as we have seen, was at the zenith of its power and reputation. The day of small things and big talk, of hugely increasing incomes and perilously dwindling ideals, was rapidly approaching. Appeals to physical force of any kind strike a jarring note, and are seen to be exceedingly rare and exceedingly difficult; but one cannot help noticing, as a distinctive trait of the period, the immensely powerful effect of a show of violence whenever it can be brought to bear effectually. This is exhibited conspicuously in the anxiety of reformers to obtain inexpensive persecution at any price, and by the unfailing demand for cheap imitations of martyrs' crowns. This is illustrated in the religious history of the period (of which, as far as the Church of England is concerned, Mr. Paul gives an impartial and diverting abrégé), in the cases of Plimsoll, Bradlaugh, and other Parliamentary innovators, but most of all in Irish affairs. It was, of course, very human and comprehensible that the English-

* A History of Modern England." By Herbert Paul. In five volumes. Vol. III. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

man who had been so enthusiastic in support of Greek, Hungarian, and Italian freedom should be absolutely blind to the beauty of Irish liberation. It was left to the Fenians, however, and the physical force men to convince our statesmen that the condition of Ireland question was one imperatively demanding their serious and immediate attention. And here Mr. Paul rather misses a point. There is surely no doubt whatever as to the highly honourable origin of the ancient term Fenian. Finn and his warriors, the Fianna Eirinn, correspond almost to Arthur's Paladins of the Round Table in British romance. Prepared by athletic training for the most heroic exploits, selected only after subjection to almost superhuman tests, they were the champions who carried on a secular warfare against the men of Lochlann, or foes across the sea; they were, in short, the Samurai of ancient Ireland. So far, therefore, is the name Fenian from being unintelligible, that no better word could perhaps have been selected with a view to appealing to two things so dear to Irish sentiment as its love of nationality and veneration for the Runic element in its literature.

In matters of opinion it goes without saying that one must take the liberty again and again of differing pretty fundamentally from our historian, fair and impartial as he consistently endeavours to be. On the Alabama question, for instance, we cannot help regarding his language as couched in a vapourish, submissive, and almost faineant strain. From Napoleon's calm annihilation of the Venetian Republic, which had supplied him faithfully with provisions during the whole of his Italian Campaign, down to the Boer War the clear "moral" of the nineteenth century was, "Be ready to take your own part." The twentieth century, infant as it still is, has made it plainer than ever that a nation to ensure respect must have its teeth and claws always sharpened, ready to bite or to strike. The sentiment that war with America is unthinkable, and that our cousins of the United States are more likely to fight for us than against us, is very well for an after-dinner oration. But let us at least keep our *minds* clear of cant! With the examples of Hengist and Horsa, the Venezuelan imbroglio, and the American Civil War before us, and considering the dangerous power concentrated in a possibly bellicose President and a few speculative newspaper owners in a young and rather irascible plutocracy, where half the population, it may be, are more than indifferent to England, a country hardly distinguishable in their eyes from any other foreign Power, it seems absurd to take the view that war between us and the United States is an eventuality beyond the range of practical politics, or that we could possibly accept eleemosynary aid from such a formidable Power without endangering a good deal more than our self-respect. All Englishmen will surely agree in setting their faces sternly against this kind of Protection. Our own firm belief is that, if the Alabama dispute had been allowed to take its natural course, it would have finally evaporated in mutual braggadocio and bluster without either breach of the peace or serious loss of mutual respect, and also without conveying to the outside world that deplorable impression that England was a peace-at-any-price Power, which has cost us so many lives and so many millions. Another pacific triumph about which Mr. Paul waxes inordinately enthusiastic in our eyes is Mr. Cardwell's reorganisation (on paper) of the British Army. As a feat of Civil Service reform his work was commendable enough, but the object of a great War Minister is to organise, not army corps and reserves, but victories, and if we could point to a few more achievements in this direction during the past thirty years we should be more inclined to sympathise with these eulogies and less inclined to begrudge the fifty-three millions expended annually upon infantry, cavalry, and non-existent artillery. Similarly with regard to Mr. Paul's almost unctuous acquiescence in the naive belief of the comfortable class that by multiplying policemen and schools and chapels and reducing the number of public-houses we are improving religion and morality and extinguishing dissipation. Ever since Hogarth's time there is little doubt that, in the broadest sense, drunkenness has been diminishing, amelioration commencing with the upper classes in the social scale and passing down step by step to the lower. But temperance legislation seems capable of little beyond gradually changing the vices of the country. Than the free trade in drink which the temperance party have combated so noisily it is doubtful if anything could be more obnoxious to the very "trade" for which they profess so much abhorrence; and at what loss to the national sense of humour and self-respect their victories have been won it would be impossible to estimate. And if for drugging with alcohol we substitute drugging with cheap newspapers, betting, strong tea, and base fiction, on the part of our underfed and overworked millions, it is dubious after all if our last state will be one whit better than our first.

Of many interesting judgments on points of detail contained in this volume space forbids us to comment upon more than a very few. Few sensible people will dispute, we think, that "'Middlemarch' is a really great book," but Mr. Paul is a little too drastic perhaps in his criticism of Kingsley as historian and novelist, and the remark concerning Froude that "Discretion was a thing he abhorred, and as a casual visitor he paid no more heed to the Colonial Ministers, or to their opinions, than if they had been documents which disagreed with his theories," though exceedingly witty (suggested, perhaps, by a witticism by Anatole France in *Le Lys Rouge*) is a little too sharp. The remarks upon the death of Charles Dickens are not by any means in our orator's happiest vein, while the enormous extent of Dickens's influence upon subsequent fiction is unduly obscured. Not nearly enough space is devoted to the developments of Journalism during this period, and no reference at all is made to the contributions of Spencer to the new science of Sociology. The lunar influence of Hardy, which arose during these years, might well have been contrasted to the solar potency of Meredith, of whom Mr. Paul said so well in a previous volume that the comparative freedom now enjoyed by women owes more to Meredith than to Mill. Like Mill himself, Mr. Paul is well above the paltry vanity of supposing that because he stands outside all churches, therefore the proceedings of religious bodies are beneath the notice of intelligent men, or of imagining that he can refute a proposition by stigmatising it as "shovel-hatted." Some of his best remarks are made anent ritualism. "The ordinary Churchman, like the ordinary Dissenter, saw no escape from the dilemma that if a Ritualist preferred spiritual to temporal authority he should obey his Bishop, and that if he took his stand upon his rights as an Englishman he should acknowledge the supremacy of the law." Apropos of the position of Pio Nono in 1867, he says, with no undue severity, "The Pope feared his own countrymen as a man who fears God seldom fears anyone." Yet he wisely defends the patriotism of our native Catholics, remarking casually that "Man, even in Scotland, is not a logical animal." We wish we had space for more of his epigrams. Let us conclude, however, with a friendly hint that he has already repeated one joke far too often. It is a gibe at Disraeli's alleged theory that Religion was an Asian mystery or a secret of the Semitic people. We have come across it at least six times in the course of the book. As an apophthegm on the lips of Disraeli it is excellent, but as a perpetually recurring invocation to Merriment, not even Mr. Paul's vivacity can prevent it from becoming stale.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

STORMING PARNASSUS.*

For a hundred and thirty years English poets have displayed a strange and callous ingratitude. During all that time they have maintained an organised conspiracy of silence regarding the name of John Walker.

> "Oh, no! we never mention *him*,—
> *His* name is never heard!"

Never a kindly dedication or a footnote of warm praise. Not a single poet, so far as we remember, has risen superior to the besetting sin of successful ambition. Arrived at the top of Parnassus, the poet

> "Unto the ladder turns his back,
> Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
> By which he did ascend."

Yet, it is doubtful if any poet could lay his hand upon where his heart should be and honestly repudiate the friendship of Walker. If virtue were rewarded and honesty reigned, the snuggest resting-place in Poets' Corner would be surmounted with a marble effigy inscribed "O Rare Walker." For though his own genius was purely pedestrian, Walker taught others how to soar. He has helped a century of lame poets over the stile; he has set them on their "feet" again,

* "The Rhymer's Lexicon." By Andrew Loring. With a Preface by Professor Saintsbury. 7s. 6d. net. (Routledge.)

From a Drawing by R. Anning Bell.

"And as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—'Open then the Door.'"
—Quatrain III.

(Reproduced from "Omar Khayyam," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

From a Drawing by Blanche McManus.

"A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness."
—Quatrain XI.

(Reproduced from their large paper edition of "Omar Khayyam," by kind permission of the De La More Press.)

From a Drawing by Blanche McManus.

"'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
Play'd in a Box whose candle is the Sun."
—Quatrain XLVI.

(Reproduced from their large paper edition of "Omar Khayyam," by kind permission of the De La More Press.)

From a Drawing by R. Anning Bell.

"Alas that Spring should vanish with the Rose,
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!"
—Quatrain LXXII.

(Reproduced from "Omar Khayyam," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

escorted them to the base of the heaven-kissing hill. That is to say, that in 1775 was published Walker's Rhyming Dictionary.

If the truth were only known, we believe that the desk of every great poet has at some time given shelter to "Walker." Biographies written with filial reverence naturally conceal the fact. But it is indisputable that "Walker" has gone through many editions. It is also certain that you cannot buy a secondhand copy. The question is, who buys "Walker," and what does he do with it? The obvious solution is that the poet buys it, uses it stealthily and shamefacedly, and then one fine morning he startles the world with his unpremeditated verse, singing with a fine, careless rapture. The fluency and afflatus came not from Minerva, but from Walker. We have no love for anti-climax, but we have something of a passion for the "terewth."

Considering the vile ingratitude shown to Walker—no Wordsworth or Austin has tossed him a sonnet—we cannot too highly admire the courage of Mr. Andrew Loring. He has prepared, at infinite labour, the best existing guide to Parnassus. His Lexicon is planned on new and ingenious lines. The born poet will find in it a great saving of time; he is relieved, as Mr. Loring modestly says, "of a purely mechanical labour." Those who are not born poets should avoid the volume. It makes the road to verse-writing too simple and alluring.

Professor Saintsbury has given the best account of his own preface when he says that "every sentence could be expanded into a chapter." It is a little curious to find such a preface to such a book. In truth, the connection is not very obvious. Professor Saintsbury writes a highly compressed *resumé* of the history of English rhythms. The most interesting item in this is the footnote that tells us that we may expect from him an elaborate and much-needed treatise dealing with the whole question of English metre. This is excellent—but not, perhaps, quite relevant. Not a word does Professor Saintsbury say as to the value of Rhyming Dictionaries. Mr. Loring is not even mentioned in the preface to his own book. We have a horrid doubt that this is an intelligent anticipation of his treatment by the poets. They will use him, and abuse him, and leave him unhonoured and unsung.

Borrowing from Professor Saintsbury's definition of a line as "a metrical integer tipped with rhyme," we may describe Mr. Loring's book as "Tips for Poets." An editor, he very properly remarks, "may not claim the licence which is readily accorded to genius," and he refuses to endorse Mr. Austin's action in rhyming "vase" and "Mars." But it seems there is good authority for rhyming it with any of the four, "ace," "praise," "Shiraz," "pause." For "girl" there is no proper poetic partner, but chivalry will not carp at her pairing with "curl," and Mr. Gilbert has sanctioned "Earl" and "pearl." "Avenge," too, is mateless, so is "forge," but comic poets can easily utilise "Penge" and "By George." "Tenth" is a real difficulty. For that we have only "nth." and Mr. Loring says: "The symbolism of 'algebra' is far removed from that of poetry." We are not so sure about this. There is more than a superficial resemblance between many celebrated poems and the differential calculus.

The English poet, according to Mr. Loring, has less than twenty thousand rhymes to choose from. After inspecting this book, we should say this is an overstatement, unless the poet is willing to take grave risks. For Mr. Loring is nothing if not catholic, and many of his "tips," like a certain kind of eggs, can only be safely used for political purposes—e.g., "togger, jogger, cogger, dogger, whole-hogger." And young poets cannot be too careful in using such a list as "drizzly, frizzly, grizzly, chisley." The real value of the book is that it will save many men of undoubted genius from arresting the flow of fancy by running over in their minds such lists as "snipe, type, tripe—time, rhyme, slime."

Mr. Loring truly says that rhyme "is by no means a mere superadded ornament—it affects profoundly the structure and the character of the verse itself." We had long suspected as much, and many of the lists in this book prove it. That is to say, the poet is furnished not only with rhymes, but with the whole idea and structure of his poem. You open the book at "squalleth." Then you fill up the line.

"Hark! the next-door maiden squalleth."

Mr. Loring's list then gives you "enthralleth, bawleth, calleth, brawleth, sprawleth." The whole story is apparent at a glance, from the singing of the maiden to the forcible ejection of the irascible and neurotic novelist who lives next door. Nothing could be simpler. Or would you essay an intricate French metre? You open page 574, and your eye is arrested by the word "gizzard." It looks unpromising, but at a more careful glance you see that two triolets leap at once to light.

"Jones sent in his verse—
He could rhyme like a wizard—
To replenish his purse,
Jones sent in his verse,
But the answer was terse
And smote like a blizzard.
Jones sent in his verse—
He could rhyme like a wizard.

At the thought of reverse
The gorge rose in his gizzard.
His language grew worse
At the thought of reverse.
He proceeded to curse
And ramp like an izzard.*
At the thought of reverse
The gorge rose in his gizzard.

Even from this little fugitive piece the understanding reader will be able to see the possibilities underlying the least likely of Mr. Loring's ingenious lists. The day of long apprenticeship to the Muses in a garret is over. No previous practice is really necessary. Mr. Loring supplies the "tips"; the poet fills in the missing words. With such assistance it should at least be as easy to turn out a lyric, a sonnet, a ballade or a rondeau as to play the overture to "Tannhäuser" on the pianola. To all librettists and laureates this book will be a perfect boon.

J. H. LOBBAN.

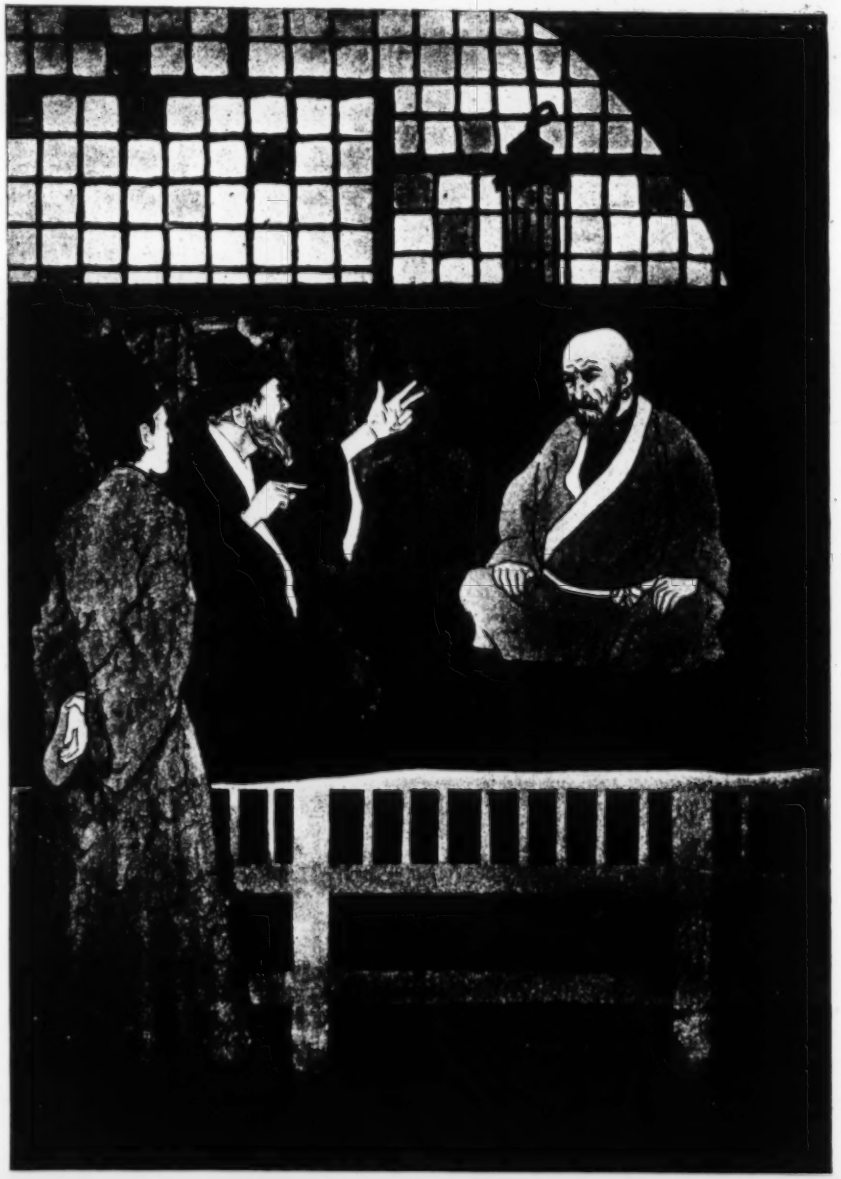
STRONG'S CRITICAL ESSAYS.†

This goodly volume has two aspects—a positive and a negative, one profitable as encouragement, the other as warning. It is encouraging to discover that our age still produces Admirable Crichtons. Mr. Strong's frail constitution unfitted him for tennis court or tourney, but whatever Crichton performed, or is alleged to have performed, in the intellectual sphere, the late librarian to the House of Lords, had he been his contemporary, could have accomplished with equal distinction. Æsthetics, Oriental philology, divinity, philosophy, elegant literature—he appears a master in all. On the other hand, this gathering up of his life's labours powerfully enforces the ancient maxim, *Non multa, sed multum.* Not that Strong can be accused of frittering away his powers; there is no taint of sciolism in any of his multifarious productions, nor any reason to apprehend that his discrimination as a connoisseur of works of art was in any respect impaired by his devotion to Oriental scholarship, or *vice versa.* But, equally attracted by all his various pursuits, he fell under the dominating influence of none, and failed to set a deep mark upon any. It cannot be said that any of the studies which he prosecuted has been materially promoted by his labours, or that the numerous essays here collected with too undiscriminating affection will form a durable record of much beside the multiplicity of his accomplishments. If there is any exception, it is the essays on the pictorial art, which not only teem with valuable remarks, but derive a certain unity of impression from their relation to the iconoclastic criticism of Morelli. But the form, though inevitable under the circumstances, is unfortunate for their permanence; they generally take the shape of comment on particular pictures and drawings more present to the author's mind than to the minds of his readers. Criticism of invisible works of art soon becomes caviare to the general; and while Mr. Strong's remarks will be a boon to the small number of persons privileged to inspect the works under discussion, they fall but flatly upon the reader who has not even the expectation of beholding them. His powers may be more accurately estimated by the æsthetic fragments in which he permitted them a wider range, and attended less minutely to the criticism of particular works of art. How admirably is this said, not of a picture by Reynolds, but of Reynolds himself!

"Time, as he wove new figures, brought to the painter new ideals and new chances. It remained, therefore, for our own gentle Reynolds to discover and to perpetuate the eternal feminine of aristocracy—courage without coarseness, freedom without license, and tenderness with no weakness of subservience, all that, in short, is the crown of the gentle life, where

* The wild ibex of the Pyrenees.—[Editor, BOOKMAN.]

† "Critical Studies and Fragments." By the late S. Arthur Strong, M.A., Librarian to the House of Lords. With a memoir by Lord Balcarres, M.P. 16s. net. (Duckworth and Co.)



From Drawings by Gilbert James.

Omar Khayyam.

"But still the vine her ancient ruby yields,
And still a garden by the water blows."—Quatrain V.

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument."—Quatrain XXVII.

(Reproduced from the Photogravure Edition of "Omar Khayyam," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Routledge and Sons, Ltd.)

growth is protected and opportunity assured. Of such we have here an example in the fairest flower of an ancient stem rooted in the soil of a free country."

If Strong had thought fit to devote his powers to a work on Reynolds, taking the sentiment of this passage as a keynote, he could have produced such a monograph upon the artist as the world does not yet possess; and there is ample proof here of his ability to have done as much for Titian, or Durer, or Correggio. The essays on Art, nevertheless, restricted as they are in scope, allow a higher and truer estimate of his powers than the essays on other subjects, limited not in scope, but in space. Being chiefly reprints from reviews in weekly periodicals, these cannot possibly present any adequate treatment of their important themes. They were excellent as far as they went, and went as far as they were intended to go; but while Strong might not have absolutely disclaimed Lord Balcarres' commendation for having written the ablest exposition of Martineau's "Seat of Authority in Religion," he would certainly have added "that my limits permitted," for in the article itself he confesses its entire inadequacy. Other reviews, such as those of Renan and Darmesteter, are little but echoes of the books under discussion: a fact honourable to Strong as evincing his sincere disposition to inform his readers and his aversion to make his authors mere pegs for self-display, but at the same time conclusive against their perpetuation in book form. There is, however, one department of his literary activity which merits the warmest recognition, his fortunate retrieval of the works of others. He had a genius for discovery; he not only detected at Chatsworth Greek sculpture of the best period in what had passed for Græco-Roman, but he found at Welbeck Abbey, or in solicitors' offices, the letters and diaries of Prior and the political correspondence of the third Duke of Portland, supposed to be lost; discovered elsewhere an important letter from Warren Hastings on his impeachment, reproduced here; and produced from the archives of Chatsworth letters from Dickens, Leigh Hunt, and Thackeray to the contemporary Duke of Devonshire, their common Maecenas. Nothing in the volume will excite such general interest as the letter from Thackeray tracing the subsequent fortunes of the personages of "Vanity Fair," unless it be the tasteful and feeling memoir of Strong by Lord Balcarres, which would have had a better prospect of reaching posterity without the needless annexation of so many *pièces justificatives*.

RICHARD GARNETT.

Novel Notes.

WAVES OF FATE. By Edward Noble. 6s. (Blackwood.)

In "The Edge of Circumstance" we had no hesitation in recognising one of the most remarkable of recent books about the sea. It was so remarkable as almost to justify the fear that Mr. Noble had put into it all he knew, and would prove a man of one book. "Waves of Fate" completely dissipates that doubt. For this again is a strong and noticeable book. It proves that Mr. Noble has an unsuspected accuracy and width of range. The sea is still the great thing in the book. The story of the wreck of the Coorang is brilliant and fascinating, a masterpiece of transfigured realism. But not less effective is the profound analysis of the character of her captain, Arthur Norris, a clever seaman haunted by the dread of his own cowardice. When the crisis came the man failed, and his own wife despised him. From this point the story is a pitiful tragedy which Mr. Noble unfolds skilfully and relentlessly. When he calls to his aid the device of a lost identity, he is not always convincing in detail. But it is a gallant attempt, and the interest of the story never swerves. Nor is his portrait of the unhappy captain's wife altogether satisfactory. Mr. Noble has not kept his camera quite steady. In other words, the picture is composite rather than individual. But Mr. Noble, even in character-drawing, makes a considerable achievement. Of ships and crews and rascally owners, and of all the glamour and dangers of the sea, Mr. Noble has nothing to learn. And he can give perfect expression to his knowledge.

MARIAN SAX. By E. Maria Albanesi. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

In plain truth the heroine of this dramatic story is a dead woman. There is, of course, abundance of life throughout the book. There are good and bad men and women in it enough to make it typical of the living world, and anything but dull as a chronicle of plots and events; but the life and the men and the women are influenced, dominated, swayed by the woman who, in the third chapter, is found drowned in the river. Throughout the pages she is felt to be as real a personality as when, in our one glimpse of her, we see her desperate yet calm, now pleading, now proud, before the man who married her five years before, and is now mad to be free of the tie. Madame Albanesi has not scorned to use incident without stint and coincidence bravely. Her theme—which includes impersonation, false swearing, recklessness, and disguise—has also its quieter side, and high life as well as ways of sordidness is brightly presented. The clever authoress of "Susannah and One Other" some time ago proved to us that she can write with power and sympathy.

THE MORALS OF MARCUS ORDEYNE. By W. J. Locke. 6s. (Lane.)

In a surprising enough way romance entered the life of Sir Marcus Ordeyne, newly emancipated from the drudgery of teaching. As he mused by the Embankment, a beautiful young girl appealed to him in broken English to help her to find "Harry." This was Carlotta Ramsbotham, a girl of English birth, who had been brought up in a Turkish harem, and had been rescued by Mr. Harry Robinson. But Mr. Harry had promptly blown out his brains on reaching Southampton, so Sir Marcus made her his ward. The training of Carlotta is a delightful tale. The pretty, soulless creature captivated all she met—among others that engaging flower of rascality, Mr. Sebastian Pasquale. In due time Sebastian triumphed, but there came a day when Carlotta, after much tribulation, developed a soul, and was able to reward her beloved "Seer Marcous" in the only way possible. On the surface the plot is crude and not a little ridiculous. But Mr. Locke makes it the basis of a most engaging and distinguished novel. It is difficult to praise too highly its delicate characterisation and its refined humour. One supreme test is the artistic finish that is bestowed on even the slightest of the characters. Antoinette, for example, Sir Marcus's French housekeeper, is touched in with a Gallic dexterity and grace. The book is humorous, clever, wholesome, and up-to-date, and of few novels can so much be predicated. Our only quarrel is with the title. The book is good and sparkling wine, and does not require to be commended by the hanging out of an old and somewhat disreputable-looking bush.

A DARK LANTERN. By Elizabeth Robins. 6s. (Heinemann.)

From the magnetic north to Mayfair is a startling transition. We could have wished that Miss Robins had taken some other means of demonstrating her versatility. For it is impossible not to feel that she has come down from the heights, and has lost herself in the numerous and not very distinguished crowd of writers who would fain be taken as realistic painters of smart society. Miss Robins is too good for such work. There are others in the crowd who excel her in their skill in translating the Court Circular into fiction, and who have a surer touch in writing of dowagers, house parties, society doctors, German counts, and bridge. The book is not a little amusing from the tremendous seriousness with which Miss Robins takes her puppets. The "Dark Lantern"—a society doctor called Garth Vincent—ought to cause hilarity in Harley Street. He growls like a bear with an aching tooth, swears at his patients, and knocks Lady de Winton over as he rushes from the house. A terrible fellow, truly. No wonder Katherine Dereham fell a victim to his attractions. Oddly enough, this tender-hearted ruffian is made the exponent of the "rest cure." His entrance into a man's bedroom would have nerved a paralytic to homicide. But Miss Robins believes in him. If read aright, this is a most humorous tale.

THE JACKAL. By Coulson Kernahan. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

Mr. Kernahan asks, most reasonably, that the mystery in his latest novel may not be revealed by the reviewer. Something had gone wrong at No. 1 platform, St. Pancras Station when we open the book. The beautiful young wife of the elderly Marquis of Southborne had been spirited away, and this was but one of a series of abductions within the year; but why, or how, or with what results, we dutifully leave the

From a Drawing by Herbert Cole.

"Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight."
—Quatrain I.

(Reproduced from the "Flowers of Parnassus" Edition of "Omar Khayyam," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

From a Drawing by Jessie M. King.

"Turn down an empty Glass!"
—Quatrain LXXV.

(Reproduced from the "Broadway Booklets" Edition of the Rubaiyat of "Omar Khayyam," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Routledge and Sons, Ltd.)

From a Drawing by Jessie M. King.

"Came stealing through the dusk an angel shape."
—Quatrain XLII.

(Reproduced from the "Broadway Booklets" Edition of the Rubaiyat of "Omar Khayyam," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Routledge and Sons, Ltd.)

From a Drawing by Herbert Cole.

"How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way."
—Quatrain XVI.

(Reproduced from the "Flowers of Parnassus" Edition of "Omar Khayyam," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

reader to discover and realise by about five-and-twenty thrills —one to each chapter. The author keeps his secret well, and in leading up to his big revelation gives so many and varied other excitements, that we cannot say he lingers over his mystery; he is simply checked by adventures at every turn, till he goes under water in the last chapter—to rise with the key to the secret. Mr. Kernahan is wise enough to take no one into his confidence as he goes along: his revelation is a genuine surprise, and scores of apathetic readers of sensational stories will enjoy a titillation of the interest for several hours as they follow the course of "The Jackal."

ELIZABETH GREY. By E. M. Green. 6s. (Blackwood.)

One book, we observe, is already credited to the author of "Elizabeth Grey." Our opinion of this novel is such that we shall seek for that first book with some confidence, and look forward to any future ones with yet more. For "Elizabeth Grey" is a book of undoubted charm. There is no plot to speak of, no intricacies, no passages of purple writing. What little plot there is, is not convincing. The writer looks at "literary London" through the telescope of sentiment. But this is really immaterial. The book purports to describe the experiences of a very cultured woman who essays to live by her pen. Elizabeth Grey, in her simple lodging in a country village, experiences some of the vicissitudes of Grub Street. At last fortune dawns for her as well as the possibility of an untold romance. The charm of the book lies in its severe restraint. It reads like an actual human document —pages torn from the diary of a very womanly woman, who has experienced suffering and adversity and drudgery, but whose soul is safeguarded against the entrance of the iron by her indomitable optimism, courage, serenity, and humour. "Elizabeth Grey" is not a book that can be analysed or described. It evades the clumsy touch of a review. As well describe the effect of an intimate letter or discuss the aroma of a favourite flower. All we can do is to record an opinion and make a vain endeavour to describe an impression. To read "Elizabeth Grey" is to spend a few hours in intimate talk with a very clever and charming woman.

The Bookman's Table.

SAINTS AND SAVAGES. By Dr. Robert Lamb. 6s. (Blackwood.)

This volume is a very excellent example of the best kind of missionary-travel literature. The author's object, in which he has entirely succeeded, has been to weave into narrative form the results of his five years' observation as superintendent of a medical mission in the New Hebrides. The book has accordingly the raciness of fiction, while its facts are of unquestionable importance to the ethnologist. Dr. Lamb brings to his task the two most necessary qualifications, charity and humour. "One thing," he says, "we learn without doubt—that colour is no bar." And he adheres steadfastly by this maxim. He makes no exaggerated claims for the missionary, and indicates his failings as well as depicts the pathos and tragedy that often attend his life. The native he portrays with fine sympathy and understanding, and his narrative is full of interesting and often amusing instances of the triumph of tact over savagery. Dr. Lamb has attempted a full canvas—natives, missionaries, traders, naval captains, etc. In every case he has succeeded in making his portrait testify to his deep and intimate acquaintance with the things of which he writes. The book is a most entertaining study of black and white.

TRACKS OF A ROLLING STONE. By the Hon. H. J. Coke. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

These random reminiscences of a long and adventurous life make the plain man somewhat envious of the opportunities which good birth afford, opportunities of meeting the people who make history if not of making history for one's self. There are few men now living who can boast of having been fed with sugar-plums by William IV. or of lunching at Compiègne with Napoleon III. Mr. Coke may be said to have gone everywhere and known everyone. Famous names in the world of literature and politics crowd these agreeable pages. Sydney Smith, Marryat, Bulwer Lytton and Froude, Garibaldi and Metternich, Thackeray and Dicky Doyle, Sir Richard Burton and the first Lord Anglesey—these are only a few of the great men of the last century whom Mr. Coke was privileged to know. He heard Dickens read and Thackeray lecture, and was personally acquainted with the eccentric Andrew Archdeckne, the original of Harry Foker. "Tracks of a Rolling Stone" is full of the pleasant gossip of a well-read and much-travelled man of leisure. Most people would have preferred more reminiscence and less philosophical speculation, not always very profound; but the book is full of good things, and not to be missed by the lover of anecdotal literature. It is put together rather carelessly, and humour is not Mr. Coke's strong point, as witness the following quotation: "His (James Wigan's) later years were passed at Sevenoaks, where he kept an establishment for imbeciles or weak-minded youths. *I often stayed with him. . . .*"

LOVE'S JOURNEY. By Ethel Clifford. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

The sadness—the almost monotonous sadness—which marked Miss Clifford's previous volume of poems is here replaced by a spirit of gladness and love equally noticeable. The gain is clear, for while the literary quality is as sure as it was a year ago, the emotional knowledge is wider and more real. The dedication exclaims, "I think the spell is gone from out my singing," but the first lines of the verses which follow—"I did not know there were so many weeping," "I did not know there were so many waited for what can never come"—give the key to the advance, and the reason for our denial that the spell has gone. The poetess has learned more of the sorrow of life and of the joys which, also, teach it by contrast, and she is more certain in her touch, though less general. Perhaps Miss Clifford will never write great poetry, but the delicacy of her finished simplicity, the musical quality of her lyrics, and her felicitous expression of a pretty thought, prove her to be a spontaneous and gifted singer.

FREE OPINIONS FREELY EXPRESSED. By Marie Corelli. (Constable.)

The most popular novelist in Britain has a moral opportunity which the greatest preacher might sigh for in vain. Readers are accustomed to turn to Miss Corelli for the thrilling excitement of romance, the tonic for weary hours. Her wide circle includes men and women of every variety of mental endowment, from the Doctor of Divinity, who annotates her stories and quotes them from the pulpit, to the tripper whose annual literary pleasure is Marie Corelli's latest book read on Margate sands. When such an author becomes didactic we listen as to the wise fairy whose lips dropped roses. The attacks on the clergy will be regretted, for there surely never was a time when the ministers of all churches were more hard-working, self-denying, and highly trained. But, with rare exceptions, Miss Corelli's satire is justified, and women especially will do well to ponder the chapters entitled "The Madness of Clothes" and "The Decay of Home Life in England." Every fashion writer appears to be catering for women whose annual dress expenditure runs into thousands of pounds. While there is truth in Miss Corelli's indictment of the "fawning flunkeys of trade," who overcharge ordinary customers while they dare not send in their bills to "her grace" or "her highness," this is not the only or the most important side of the question. Miss Corelli recognises that the habit of debt is growing upon women, and she speaks a bold and necessary word when she says, "To run up long credit for dresses without the least idea how the account is ever to be paid is nothing less than a criminal act. It is simply fraud, and such fraud reacts on the whole community." Not less sensible is Miss Corelli's exposure of the tricks of the "beauty faker," who brews "a harmless mixture of rose-water, eau de Cologne, tincture of benzoin, and cochineal, which materials are quite the reverse of costly, and, calling it by a pretty sobriquet, sells the same at twenty-five shillings a bottle." No one can study the advertisements in the ladies' papers, as Miss Corelli says, without realising that so-called beauty specialists must be making a fortune out of women's stupidity. On "The Decay of Home Life" there is a chapter which deserves to be printed in letters of gold. There is need for such warnings, at a time when the restaurant habit is fast growing in London, and when families of even moderate means contrive to leave home for every week-end. The salutary sharpness of "Free Opinions" reminds us

of "Vanity Fair." Miss Corelli sees Colonel and Mrs. Crawley still in their luxurious house in Mayfair, living on nothing, robbing the unfortunate Briggs and Raggles, while the day of exposure is deferred. All who trust these people are in danger. They are darker blots on our civilisation than the aliens of the slums. This book, which will be discussed at thousands of hearths, must open the eyes of the simple people who are usually the victims of such harpies. Along with bitter medicines Miss Corelli knows how to provide the cheering and refreshing draught. There is no truer patriot than this brilliant writer, no one prouder of the beauty and virtue of England's daughters. The best chapter is that entitled "The Glory of Work." It is by work alone, as Miss Corelli says, that in the competition of the world Great Britain can expect to hold her place.

Notes on New Books.

THE CLARENDON PRESS.

To glean after Lamb in the field of our early dramatic literature necessarily required editorial courage. The difficulty of the task is rightly enough pleaded by Mr. W. H. Williams in the preface to his **Specimens of the Elizabethan Drama from Lyly to Shirley** (7s. 6d.). Mr. Williams has in all twenty-four dramatists (he, of course, excludes Shakespeare) from whom to choose. The selections have been skilfully chosen, and every endeavour has been made to render them at once representative and self-complete. Each author is prefaced by a brief appreciation, and the book is furnished with elaborate explanatory notes. The thing is well done, but we doubt if it was worth doing. A few complete plays are surely a better introduction to the subject than an anthology, however good. Criticism, to take only an example, may be adequately represented by short and complete samples. But a play cannot be valued by any single scene or act.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

The artless but successful Pamela continues to have innumerable successors. The latest is **A Maid at Large,** by A. Leaf (6s.). When Marjorie Wade, the daughter of Lady Sternham, set out for her first house party, it was with a meagre wardrobe, but with an engaging innocence that enabled her to do and to say many surprising things. The book takes us into what is now familiar society, even to those who are not in the Red Book. In a word, it is the Country House Marriage Market. It is by no means an engaging circle, nor is it remarkable for intellectual brilliancy or morals. In this butterfly masque the Maid at Large comports herself gallantly. Her conversation is made up of equal parts of impudence and impropriety, and her conduct is rightly enough the admiration of the servants' hall. The author cannot be congratulated on the success with which she has driven the satire home. The plain reader may be forgiven who fails to detect the irony, and who sees in the book only one more attempt at a humorous description of a society which knows no humour, and no morals, and respects no code of laws except the rules of bridge.

The recipient of Lady Jephson's **Letters to a Debutante** (3s. 6d.) should indeed be wise and well-mannered by the time she has read them all; but we venture the opinion that she will not be very young. She is called "dearest Violet," certainly; she is a *débutante*, and the epistles give her brightly-written information and advice which should make her something of a comfort in the world, or, at any rate, prevent her from being a Dora Copperfield. But this "Miss in her 'teens" is given also a sermon on antiquities, with references to Virgil, Professor Becker, Juvenal, Cicero, and the Venerable Bede among others; she is expected to have a bowing acquaintance, so to speak, with at least French, German, Italian, Latin, and to appreciate a literature which is chiefly suited to the mature mind trained by experience to detect and enjoy marvels of quiet observation. The volume is interesting in itself, though, and holds incentives to courage in such matters as learning to cook, and shunning extravagance in dress. "Dearest Violet" will be a pleasant woman to meet later on, when she has taken out her bundle of old letters—letters which are always sensible, and occasionally piquant—and reads them over again.

In the hands of Mr. Morley Roberts the ocean tramp is often the scene of as much humour as one of Mr. Jacob's barges. The humour is a little grimmer in proportion as Mr. Roberts' knowledge is deeper and attained at first-hand. **Captain Balaam of the Cormorant** (3s. 6d.) is a collection of six admirable yarns, to all of which but one may be applied the author's description—sea-comedies. The "Owner of the Patriarch" is an excellent bit of farce, but the best story in the book tells how Bertie Fortescue was made a man of on board the transport, *Pilgrim*, by Arizona Bill and his choice companions from Texas.

MACMILLAN AND CO.

A valuable addition to an admirable series is Mr. J. B. Firth's **Highways and Byways in Derbyshire** (6s.). Much has already been written about this county, but the task of making his narration fresh and attractive has been most successfully achieved by the author. Derbyshire abounds in literary associations, and Mr. Firth is fortunate in having a number of interesting characters in his setting of beautiful scenery. It is impossible to be dull with such delightful people to draw upon as Moore, Dr. Johnson and Dr. Taylor, Horace Walpole, Byron and Lady Caroline Lamb, Izaak Walton and Cotton, to say nothing of fictional friends; for George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Jane Austen, and Mrs. Humphry Ward, have all chosen this district as the scene of one or more of their novels. Mr. Firth does not cover the whole of Derbyshire in his volume, but he manages to get a vast amount of information into its pages. Miss Nelly Erichsen's drawings of the country deserve a word of praise.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE AND CO.

The patience and accuracy required for the making of a standard reference book on a new subject are not easily to be gauged or overpraised. We can well believe the editor's statement that twenty years have in whole or part been devoted to the preparation of **A Register of National Bibliography,** by W. P. Courtney (2 vols., 31s. 6d. net). It is a magnificent undertaking, excellently carried through, and Mr. Courtney's reward is that for many years to come his name will be linked with the standard work on the subject of his devotion. The scope of the volumes is immense, and includes all the more important authorities in Europe and America. The resources, too, of periodical literature of every time and kind have been diligently overhauled. To the student the work is of first-rate importance. On any subject or person in literature, art, science, and history, Mr. Courtney's two volumes will send you to the best bibliographical guides. Mr. Edward Smith's excellent index is worthy of so important a book. This is no place in which to discuss questions of omission. In innumerable cases we have been surprised by the full and up-to-date nature of the references. But as a trifling instance of the necessary incompleteness of any scheme so vast, we may note that in the article on English periodicals we find no mention of Drake's useful bibliographical essays.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH AND CO.

The souls of men and women, and the greatness as well as the strength there may be in love, are things which Mr. Vincent Brown keeps always in view throughout his new novel, **The Disciple's Wife** (6s.). He is one of our writers who most seriously studies life, and the way in which life moulds us and we shape destiny. He takes a sordid incident, or a seemingly sordid incident, as well as a dewy, blossomy scene, and he wrings fine impulse and heroism from the one as effectively as he introduces the trail of the serpent into the other. We will not tell the story of Marie Durnford and the man who lived his ideals, her husband, her staunch man friend, her lover, and the large-hearted woman who sacrifices herself heroically. The novel is not a light one; it is more in the style of its author's first great success, "A Magdalen's Husband," than was his last book, but this deals chiefly with the more educated classes. It is a book innocent of trivialities; a book of force without weight.

In the rightly-named "Popular Library of Art," Messrs. Duckworth and Company have published an excellent translation of M. Auguste Bréal's volume on **Velazquez** (2s. net, 2s. 6d. net). This "Library" of handy volumes is a marvel of worth and distinction. As far as we can remember, each monograph has possessed a separate and individual charm. In no case has the work been a piece of book-making, a putting together of accepted opinions and dates for the sake of telling an ignorant public who a certain artist was, when he was born, and what he painted. The "Velazquez" volume is yet another careful study of a man and his accomplishment put into words which entertain as well as teach. Velazquez, the man who has influenced so many a modern artist, is a painter of great appeal; and to turn from the letterpress to the illustrations, of which there are about fifty, is to enjoy, as nearly as is possible to those confined to this country, a feast of Velazquez art. Not so very long ago the exhibition of pictures at the Guildhall gave many of us our only chance of seeing these wonders of painting, for most of the masterpieces not only remain in their creator's native land, but should be seen there to be seen aright. Madame Simon Bussy, as translator, is to be warmly thanked.

MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

To be "an aid to the busy man's memory" is the function aimed at by **The Practical Photographer's Annual,** 1905. (Ed. Rev. F. C. Lambert. 1s. 6d. net.) We do not doubt that every photographer will admit that this claim has been realised, and will see to it that this volume is ever ready to his hand. It is a veritable *multum in parvo*. One section provides you with a miniature encyclopædia of hints and advice on every subject nearly or remotely connected with the practice of photography. Another consists of a series of useful tables and formulæ, and a third is a very useful directory of all the photographic societies of Great Britain and Ireland. An excellent feature of the book is that each section is alphabetically arranged so that its usefulness as a work of reference is enormously increased. Beginners will find this book invaluable, and experts will treasure it as a *vade mecum* of expert advice.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

Without any obvious straining after distinction of form, Mrs. Violet Jacob has written of some of those greater themes—which are also the simpler ones—in **Verses** (3s. 6d.), and has done so with an effect of true impulse and sincerity. Mrs. Jacob's verses are uneven in quality; many "pretty" things she writes, which avoid noticeable faults, but lack interest and the essence of poetry. If she would severely discard all that is rather pointless, she would gain immensely by focussing attention on such of her successes as "To Aurelia" and "With Military Honours." The first of these has an old-time, concise grace of expression; the second contains, in its later verses especially, a poet's pictures of flower-covered grief. We can do without blue vistas, and winds, and trees, and such things as scores of poets have sung of before, but we like to keep Aurelia's rosary of pearls, and the soldier's heartsease that lay lightly

> "Like parting hands
> Laying a last caress upon his brow."

MESSRS. METHUEN AND CO.

The Taming of the Brute (6s.) is the name of Frances Harrod's new novel. The Brute, who was not entirely brutal although he contented himself with a revolting state of life, lived in a fine old family mansion amidst the fastnesses of the Welsh mountains; and in the "fastnesses of his uncultivated mind" he kept the memory of his cousin Cecilie, who had as a child twice visited his home. To the Brute, by a sudden whim, comes Cousin Cecilie from all the gaiety and scandal and artificiality of the world of fashion at Bath, because she has heard rumours of his degradation, and feels that even yet he may be a better man than the elder brother, who is paying his addresses to her—and her fortune. Cecilie reaches the dilapidated scene of disreputable revelry just in time to toss the dice and win her cousin from his two competing servant-maids. Then the taming begins, and the author, touching in without undue insistence the modes and thought of a past generation, shows us real romance beneath powder and patches, and a man tamed, but never contemptible, at the last.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

It is like enjoying another of her volumes of autobiographical jottings to read Miss Henriette Corkran's first novel, **Lucie and I** (6s.). It is the "I" which does it—which gives the effect of a confidence offered, and a real love-story told. The early chapters of this novel are strongly reminiscent of the early ones in Miss Corkran's first volume, "Celebrities and I." It gives a bright account of childhood in Paris and at Fontainebleau, marked by an entertaining self-absorption and self-consciousness, which never leave the reader in any doubt as to which is to be the heroine, "Lucie" or "I." This confidential style of love-story is a pleasant change; we feel throughout that the Paris and the men and women are well understood, and presented with the permissible impulsiveness of a true artist. Perhaps we hear a little too often of the *diablesse* in "I's" appearance and nature—she could have revealed it sufficiently without writing it down so often; but this is a small matter, and the book is one which deserves many readers for its spirited yet wholesome interest.

MR. JOHN LANE.

A novel of atmosphere is what Mr. Middleton Fox has presented in **A Child of the Shore** (6s.), and his mingling of the spiritual, or the supernatural, with the every-day life of the remoter parts of Cornwall has been accomplished with deftness and intuition. The "child of the shore" was the only child of a small farmer and his wife, a girl "strange in her equivocal beauty—too beautiful in her equivocal strangeness." The period is that when Frenchmen hovered about Cornwall's cliffs, when men were pressed for the army, and smuggling had not yet been out-manœuvred by the Preventive men. The uncommon figure of this girl, who seemed to have a strange kinship with the sea and fairies, who was looked at askance by the villagers, whose very existence seemed to be the outcome of spells and incantations, seems weirdly appropriate in the setting which the author has chosen—that of the country round about the Helford River, the creeks and valleys, and the wonderful remote stretches of the Lizard country. To many a reader these land and sea scapes will be felt as important a part of the book as the story itself.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER AND CO.

The intense seriousness of Mr. Horace Bleackley's biographical essays makes the thought impossible, else we should have detected a pleasant irony in the title of his book, **Some Distinguished Victims of the Scaffold** (15s. 6d. net). It is a strange use of the word victim, comparable with the current journalistic misuse of the word tragedy. Of the six "victims," who here attain biographical and bibliographical honours, three died for murder and three for forgery. Mr. Bleackley mourns them all in prose of a Carlylean cast, and with a deep and smouldering resentment for the iniquitous laws which condemned them to Tyburn. The force of whitewash can no further go. We confess to finding these chapters rewritten from the Newgate Calendar somewhat unedifying, and could wish that Mr. Bleackley had found some better subject for his very painstaking research. The method of the book is scholarly, and its form of production quite admirable. But there is only one distinguished victim for whom we have any inclination to weep. And his crime was only an error of judgment—the writing of this unnecessary book of memoirs.

MESSRS. ANTHONY TREHERNE AND CO.

Five great French artists are appreciated and criticised by Marie Van Vorst in **Modern French Masters** (6s. net), artists so widely varying in style, yet so closely allied in seriousness of intention and in many of the main artistic beliefs, as Puvis de Chavannes, Jean Charles Cazin, Rodin, Paul Besnard, and Steinlin. The writer, in a pleasant biographical manner, sets the men before us, but chiefly she makes us see their masterly achievements and the real greatness of their conceptions. By anecdote, by descriptions of struggles, traits, endurances, she captures and holds our attention; but by forcible enthusiastic, and illuminating words she does more than this, she makes us understand the artists, and through the artists the depths and intentions and triumphs in their work.

MR. T. N. FOULIS.

With, perhaps, more than a touch of the grandiose in his writing, Mr. Haldane Macfall in his slim, paper-covered volume on **Whistler** (6d. net), has at the same time set that artist before us very clearly and supplied dates and details of interest and value. In these later years, when we sanely realise that Whistler was a great man in spite of his artificialities and poses and impertinence, instead of because of these, as certain groups of lesser men are always so apt to think about an eccentric person, it is easier to know the real man and weigh him and his fine labours justly, unhampered by the over-enthusiasm of some admirers and the execrations of the impatient "Philistines." Mr. Macfall's little book, especially when he begins to tell of the man's work, will help to this just estimate; and such a concise, sympathetic account of this man of genius should meet with a ready welcome. It is a new volume in Mr. Foulis' "Spirit of the Age" series, a series dealing with the lives of men of genius in many walks of life.

MR. G. A. MORTON.

If the peacemaker be always blessed, he is not invariably happy. In pushing in between two combatants there is always the danger of the chance sword-stroke. Of this sort was **The Redding Straik** (by Robert Aitken, 6s.), that fell upon Captain Maurier Sargeant, when he successfully reconciled his favourite subaltern to the girl they both loved. Mr. Aitken calls his story old-fashioned. But it is only so in as far as all love stories must be. It is a strong and well-constructed novel, full of varied and exciting incidents, and presenting many cleverly-drawn backgrounds. The opening chapters, which describe the overwhelming of a small British force in a minor native war, are of a really high order of narrative. The author is not less successful when the scene is shifted to London, where we follow the adventures of the suddenly impoverished heroine in her efforts to obtain work, first in a shop, and eventually on the stage. As of old, it is the weaker Pendennis who wins the prize. Warrington returns to guard the frontier, with a jest on his lips, but with the indelible mark of the "redding straik" upon his heart. This is a stirring and wholesome book which tells of real men and women.

MR. B. T. BATSFORD.

Mr. Henry R. Poore, in **Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment of Pictures,** a handbook for students and lovers of Art (7s. 6d.), addresses the student of painting, the amateur photographer, and the professional artist. Quite wisely he has not attempted any "fine writing," but deals with the grammatical principles of Art—such, for instance, as balance, angular and circular composition, grouping, breadth, simplicity, chiaroscuro, etc., in a simple and informing manner, as engaging as it is unaffected and unconventional. This book comes to us at an opportune moment, seeing that the camera is teaching so many young people to look for the pictorial and beautiful. Also, it will be warmly welcomed by those who, though not picture makers, are yet picture lovers, and are willing to add intelligent appreciation to their enjoyment. The work is profusely illustrated with examples in half-tone.

Reprints and New Editions.

Mr. Andrew Lang's notable rendering of the old French song-story of **Ancassin and Nicolete,** has just been reissued by Messrs George Routledge and Sons, in their attractive "Photogravure Series" (3s. 6d. net). The chief features of this well-produced set of classic writings are the admirable parchment paper, good type, and lastly, the illustrations by Mr. Gilbert James. There are twelve of these in full-page photogravure reproductions from drawings, and the artist seems to have found his subject congenial, for he has most successfully caught the spirit of the theme, and reproduced its romantic feeling.

An entirely satisfactory reprint is Henry Vaughan's **Silex Scintillans,** in Messrs. Blackie and Sons' beautiful little Red Leather Library. Mr. W. A. Lewis Bettany has written the Introduction, and has done so in a manner which is at the same time affectionate and scholarly. To have read and studied Vaughan's writings as Mr. Bettany has done, is, necessarily, to feel the spirituality and depth of the poet's nature and the attractiveness of his personality. The Introduction is a piece of critical writing which should not be overlooked; and the parallel passages in George Herbert's "Temple," and Vaughan's "Silex Scintillans," make an exceedingly interesting Appendix.

New Books of the Month.

APRIL 10TH TO MAY 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ATKIN, F. W.—Bright and Brief Talks to Men, 1s. 6d. (H. R. Allenson)

GREEN, MRS. FREDERIC.—The Story of the Beginning, 9d. net, 1s. 3d. net ..... (Wells, Gardner)

Humble in appearance, and with nothing severely clamant in its style, Mrs. Green's little volume will fill a most useful niche. It puts in simple form the teaching of Genesis, taking into account the results of the Higher Criticism of the Bible and the outcome of scientific research. As a help in the teaching of children, or as a concise exposition for busy grown-ups, it will prove a most useful booklet.

HARPER, FREDERICK, M.A.—The Year of Our Lord, 6s. net (Nisbet)

WARSCHAUER, J., M.A., D. Phil.—Jesus Saith ..... (Allenson)

Dr. Warschauer has taken the "new sayings" of Christ, found on the two papyrus fragments in 1897 and 1904, and has in this volume given neither a description of the discovery nor an historical account of the utterances, but a sympathetic enquiry into the similarity of the lessons to those of the Bible and the spiritual value of the words to the men and women of to-day.

NEW EDITIONS.

BROOKS, PHILLIPS.—The Purpose and Use of Comfort. An Easter Sermon. The Life With God. 6d. net each (Allenson)

The "Heart and Life Booklets," published by Mr. Allenson,

are a series of interesting accounts of famous writers, and reprints of some of those writings which brought them this fame. The three here mentioned form admirable little handbooks of true religion, full of freshness of thought and soundness of doctrine.

COLERIDGE, S. T.—Aids to Reflection. Revised. By Thomas Fenby. Universal Library. 1s. net, 2s. net ... (Routledge)
New Testament, The Corrected English. Preface by the Bishop of Durham, 6s. net ..... (Samuel Bagster)
Pascal, The Thoughts of Blaise. Translated by C. Kegan Paul. The York Library. 2s. net ..... (Geo. Bell)

FICTION.

ALBANESI, E. MARIA.—Marian Sax, 6s. ... (Hurst and Blackett)
Author of "Jewel Sowers."—Marigold, 6s. ..... (Greening)
Another fantastic novel from this anonymous author, who whips our little follies, stings our small vanities, scourges our worst traits, and by means of an imaginary world and an allegorical romance shows up the good and evil of the present-day world.

BARRETT, FRANK.—The Error of Her Ways, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
BRADDON, M. E.—The Rose of Life, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
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COURLANDER, ALPHONSE.—Seth of the Cross, 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)
CULLAM, RIDGWELL.—The Brooding Wild, 6s. (Chapman and Hall)
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